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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1932

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Don't Miss Your Ballot in the Presidential Poll

IT MAY REACH YOU THIS WEEK—next week—by any mail-delivery on any week-day.

If you overlook it—if you short-sightedly treat it as some trivial circular—you'll lose a lot of fun, as well as the serious satisfaction of saying your say in a great prophetic expression of the national will.

Ballots, ballots, ballots—fresh from the printing-press, done up in great packages, they're beginning to pour in to THE LITERARY DIGEST's Presidential poll headquarters, some days a million and some a million-and-a-half.

And almost as fast as they pour in, THE DIGEST's dexterous poll workers, sitting round long tables in row after row, begin popping those ballots into addrest envelops.

In due time, the batteries of stamping machines begin to do their stuff. "Cricketty-cracketty, cricketty-cracketty," they sing all day long, each of them stamping the loaded envelops at the rate of five a second.

It takes three operators to wait on one stamping-machine. One feeds it with an endlessly replenished column of the addrest letters which are prest against the receiving mechanism, at the right of the machine as you face it.

"Cricketty-cracketty, cricketty-cracketty"—the hungry machine gobbles the letters and you see them flit across the face of the machine behind a glass window, too fast to count. And on the left they come pushing out, stamped for the mail, in an endless column which keeps the second operator busy receiving and removing them for the next stage of the ballot pilgrimage to the homes and offices of men and women in forty-eight States.

THE third operator's duties are largely technical and connected with the functioning of the machine, and perhaps its health, spirits and appetite.

After the letters are stamped, the battalion of postal-clerks sort them into mail-bags, according to their destinations, the mail-bags are sealed, and almost before you could say "Jack Robinson," great motor-trucks are speeding with them to the railroad terminals, whence they are carried out to the cities, towns, villages, and farms—yea, unto the remotest ends of this broad land.

This tremendous pulsation of ballots coming in from the printers and going out to the people—like the systole and diastole of a mighty heart pumping life-blood through the circulatory system—began to work soon after THE DIGEST's last issue, with its announcement of the 20,000,000-ballot Presidential poll, went to press. Now it is gathering headway each day.

Within a short time the first millions of the coming blizzard of ballots will be mounting in the Far West and elsewhere, and soon the whole country will be blanketed with these magical cards, each of which represents a potential vote in the great poll.

As the poll machinery warms up to its racing speed, the circulation of ballots will penetrate all the postal arteries and veins of the United States, down to many of the tiniest capillaries of R. F. D. routes.

All signs and portents, meanwhile, seem to promise the liveliest of Presidential campaigns and of DIGEST polls. The prophets agree on that one point—and on practically nothing else.

One of the aforesaid signs and portents is a hair-trigger public interest in THE DIGEST's preparations to launch another of its series of nation-wide Presidential straw votes, as announced in our last issue. Both before and after that announcement the edge of the public mind was shown in a variety of ways—letters, telegrams, telephoned inquiries, newspaper editorial speculations and inquiries in correspondence forums.

It is clear that greater importance than usual is attached to the prospect of obtaining an early and reliable forecast of the November election.

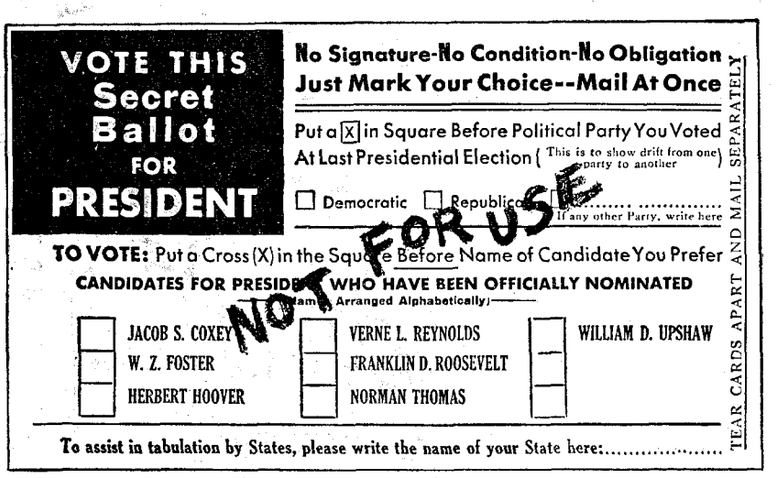
One might paraphrase an old story about the Duke of Wellington.

"IS THE LITERARY DIGEST taking a poll?"

"It is, General."

"Then let the campaign go on!"

LET us all watch for our ballots, in case our names are on THE DIGEST's polling list. It's easy to recognize the envelop. The fact that it contains your DIGEST ballot is emblazoned in red and black lettering on the left-hand side of the envelop, which is directed to you personally with pen and ink.


VOTE THIS
Secret
Ballot
FOR
PRESIDENT
No Signature-No Condition-No Obligation
Just Mark Your Choice--Mail At Once
Put a X in Square Before Political Party You Voted
At Last Presidential Election (This is to show drift from one party to another)
Democratic
Republican
If any other Party, write here
TO VOTE: Put a Cross (X) in the Square Before Name of Candidate You Prefer
CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT WHO HAVE BEEN OFFICIALLY NOMINATED
(Names Arranged Alphabetically)
JACOB S. COXEY
W. Z. FOSTER
HERBERT HOOVER
VERNE L. REYNOLDS
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
NORMAN THOMAS
WILLIAM D. UPSHAW
To assist in tabulation by States, please write the name of your State here:
TEAR CARDS APART AND MAIL SEPARATELY
NOT FOR USE

What the Ballot Looks Like

The real one is larger than this and is printed in red and black. Remember that the above is not a ballot.

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A "United Front" Against Depression

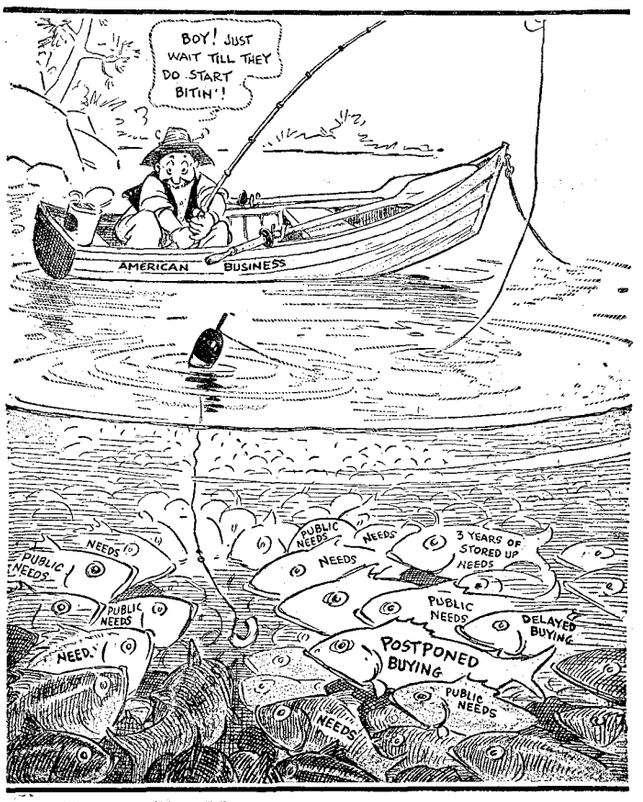
FIGHTING PHRASES, military figures of speech, spring irresistibly to the minds of those reflecting on the recent economic conference at Washington.

President Hoover started it when he said that in the war against depression we have just won our "battle of Château-Thierry," and that we must go on with the fighting and "now reform our forces for the battle of Soissons."

A council of war, a mobilization, a united front, a major offensive, such words are used to characterize the meeting of more than two hundred leaders in American business and finance with the heads of the Government's relief and reconstruction bodies.

Of course, not everybody is deeply imprest, as is evident from the Baltimore *Evening Sun's* (Ind.) ironic reference to President Hoover's speech before "his new panel of honorary pallbearers," and the suggestions from some Democratic sources that it is all bunk, ballyhoo, and political propaganda.

But the correspondents found a distinctly impressive gathering in the Capital on August 26. There was the President, Cabinet members, the heads of the Federal Reserve Board, Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and Home Loan Board. Owen D. Young was present as one of the twelve chairmen of the business and industrial committees that have been set up in the respective Federal Reserve districts to bring bankers and business men into closer accord.



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Something to Anticipate

—Orr in the Chicago "Tribune."

The President, in his address, declared his conviction "that we have overcome the major financial crisis." He retold the story of the depression, arguing that its long continuance here has been largely due to shocks from abroad. He pointed out that while we "see growing improvement in the financial sector, we must continue the battle upon the industrial and agricultural fronts." Two things that he emphasized were the need of better distribution of credit and the desirability of spreading out available work to reduce unemployment.

SECRETARY MILLS outlined the specific program that the members of the conference had been talking over. He emphasized the fact that "we are not setting up an economic council to endeavor to direct the economic policies of the country." He explained that it was simply a matter of coordinating existing private and public agencies.

Of the other addresses those that won the most attention throughout the country were those of Owen D. Young and Franklin W. Fort. The former came closer than any other speaker, says the Washington *Evening Star*, to a concise description of the final objective. The committees in the Reserve district, he said—

"Have one object and only one, and that is to restore as rapidly as possible the proper functioning of our economic machinery, not only so that the savings of our people, whether in banks, in insurance companies, or legitimate securities can be protected, but, more important than all, so production and consumption may again be restored to such activity as will enable the unemployed to be put to work, and to permit those in need again to meet their needs with self-respect."

If these committees succeed in any measure, they will render a great service to business, and, continued Mr. Young—

"Not only to business, because that is secondary, but to men and women who need food and shelter, and, most of all, who need to retain their own self-confidence and self-respect. And, indeed, not only their self-confidence and self-respect, but what is even more important than all, to enable them and us to retain the confidence of the children who are coming on. A father's job lost does more than humiliate the parent. It does more than weaken the respect of the child. It threatens that stability, and so that opportunity for the future which is the basis of our hopes and the impulse for our accomplishments."

CHAIRMAN FORT of the Federal Home Loan Board made an announcement "to millions of worthy citizens who are on the point of losing all their possessions through no fault of their own, which will seem like a stay to a condemned man," says the Washington *News*. He pointed out that the Home Loan Board, which is to make more money available for lending on homes, will not be really doing business through its twelve banks before October 15. But home owners facing foreclosure can not wait. So Chairman Fort told his hearers: "I am very happy to be able to say that upon our request Controller Pole, yesterday, instantly agreed to order every national bank receiver to suspend foreclosure proceedings for sixty days."

Mr. Fort is receiving similar assurances from State banking authorities, and hopes "that other lenders do likewise."

The actual machinery set up by the Washington parley consists first of a central committee with headquarters in Washington, which will act as a general coordinating body, and which will be headed by Henry M. Robinson, President Hoover's friend and Los Angeles banker. And then there are six subcommittees which will work out the constructive program of the conference. According to a Washington dispatch of the New York *Times*, these committees were appointed as follows:

"1. The problem of making available credit affirmatively useful to business—Chairman, Mr. Young.

"2. Increased employment on railroads and stimulation of industry through expansion or maintenance of equipment and purchase of new equipment in cooperation with the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation—Committee, Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and George H. Houston, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

"3. Expansion of capital expenditures by industry in the way

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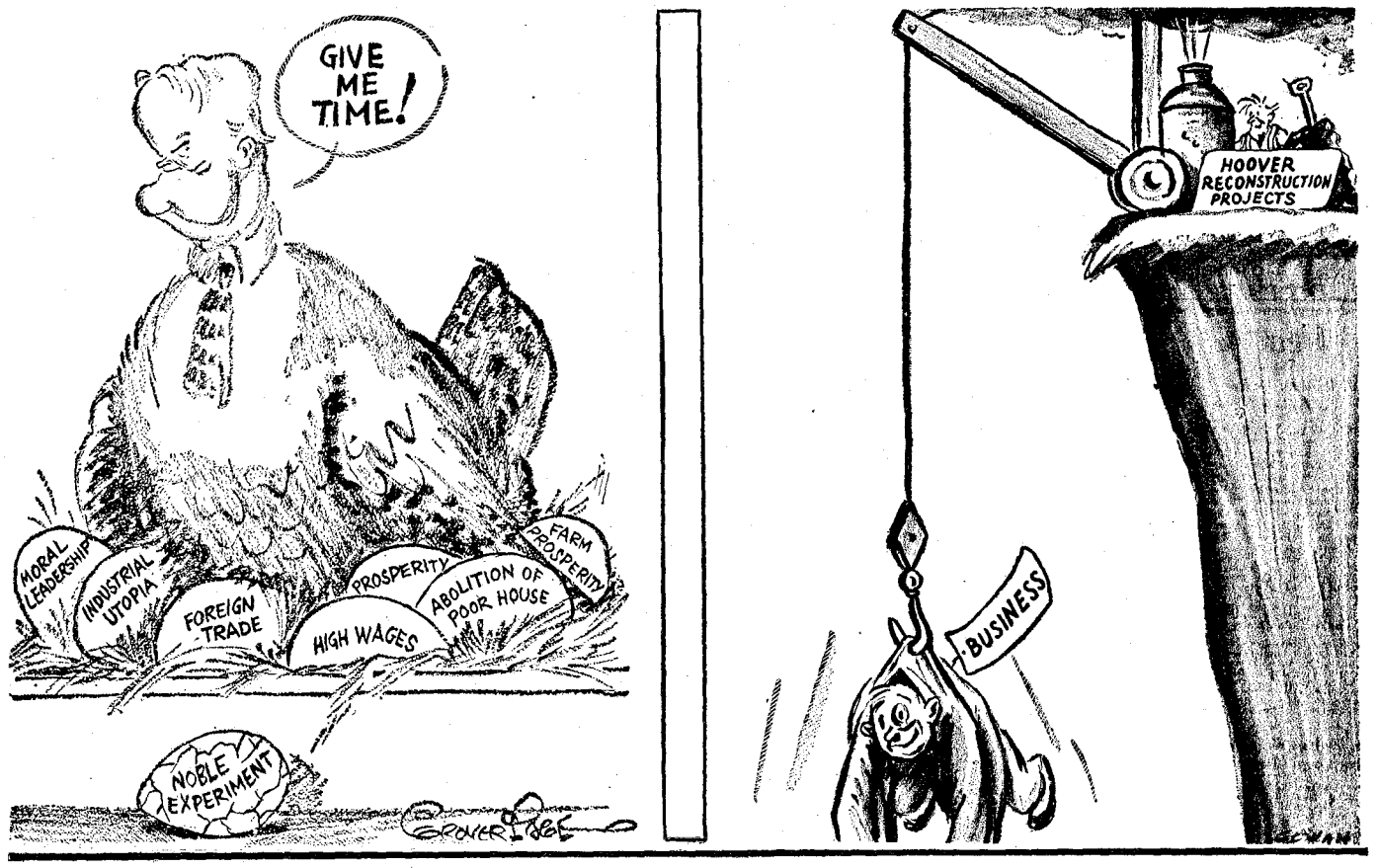

"A Chicken for Every Pot"
—Page in the Louisville "Courier-Journal."

One Machine That Isn't Idle
—Cowan in the Boston "Transcript."

OPPOSING IMPRESSIONS OF HOOVER ACTIVITIES

of replacement of obsolete and worn-out equipment and otherwise—Chairman, Mr. Robertson.

"4. Increased employment through the sharing-work movement—Chairman, Walter C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

"5. Stimulation of repair and improvement of homes movement—Committee, Sewell L. Avery, president of Montgomery Ward and Company, and C. M. Woolley, chairman of the American Radiator Corporation.

"6. Organization of committees in the several districts to assist home-owners with maturing mortgages—Chairman, Mr. Miller."

So many sides of our economic life were touched on in the Washington discussion that it is difficult even to sample the editorial comment that is evoked.

Naturally there is a political side to an economic conference called by a President running for reelection in the midst of a campaign hinging largely on economic issues. As David Lawrence remarks in the Washington *Evening Star:*

"Even tho Mr. Hoover was credited with a desire to accomplish economic improvement primarily, there was no escaping the possible political significance that would be attached to the move, especially as the President traced the course of the depression and revealed how the tide of battle had run since 1929, and how events from abroad had prevented the successful fruition of steps undertaken in America. It is this constant reference of European and South American happenings which has become the backbone of the Republican campaign answer to the criticism that Mr. Hoover did nothing to alleviate the depression until last October.

"Undoubtedly the conference is going to be considered by non-political folks as a sign of organized action, but the politically minded think the best results will flow from the conference when the election is out of the way."

"Here is a program that in each item holds substantial promise of betterment," declares the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, in words that are practically repeated in every Republican and pro-Hoover daily in the country. Nor is all the praise from the Republican side. The Newark *News* (Ind.) thinks the President's speech "is the kind of stimulation the country needs." "President Hoover put on a great show," and it was more than that, declares the Richmond *News-Leader* (Dem.), "it was an intelligent and impressive demonstration to the country at large of the machinery that has been set up and the efforts that are being made to combat present conditions."

It proves "the existence of an American united front," concludes the New York *Times* (Dem.). In the financial district, reports the New York *Herald Tribune*, "there was general satisfaction with the absence of ballyhoo and the general air of thoroughness and determination." And in the agricultural West, where farmers are blockading the roads in their "strike" for higher prices, the Fargo *Forum* (Ind.), speaking of the Hoover conference, says "one can not but feel that a major offensive is rightly timed—an offensive built along sound economic lines which will reach out to every section."

But not everybody is throwing up his hat and shouting over this conference. "Too much talk" is the way the New Orleans *States* (Dem.) dismisses the subject. The New York *Journal of Commerce* is inclined to wonder why such impressive publicity is given to "just another conference of business men." And it concludes that "mere resolutions backed by elaborate coordinating efforts will neither put men to work nor set idle machinery whirling." And the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* condemns the Hoover method in these words:

"The Hoover Administration and its supporters naturally will clap the blower on business so far as they can. They will induce everybody who can do so to stimulate business. The great corporations and many of the railroads will spend money, even if they have to borrow it. This is artificial stimulation, and therefore not economically sound. It is merely the opposite of hoarding. For business to revive to any great degree we must have a better basis than that. If it does not, the fire will subside when the election is over and the blower comes off."

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Storm-Signals in the New Bonus Drive

CATCALLS, HISSES, JEERS, AND BOOS!

Addressing the New York State convention of the American Legion, in Brooklyn, Frederick Trubee Davison, thirty-six-year-old Assistant Secretary of the Navy, seeks to defend the expulsion of the Bonus Army from Washington. A storm of violent disapproval breaks around his patrician head. Courageously Mr. Davison continues: "the District Commissioners appealed to Mr. Hoover to send troops."

The mention of the President's name, writes a reporter for the New York *Times*, acts as a fuse for a veritable explosion of hisses, jeers, and catcalls. Soon the Legion convention develops into a hurricane of boos. A sergeant-at-arms shouts to the chairman: "There's a detail of police in the gallery! We'll clear them in a minute if you want us to."

On the eve of the national convention of the American Legion next Monday, September 12, in Portland, Oregon, this booing of Trubee Davison acts as a danger signal to the leaders of the Republican campaign, Washington correspondents write. It is now accepted as a foregone conclusion by the wiliest strategists of the Republican party, these experts wire from the capital, that the Legion will reverse the action taken at its Detroit convention last year, and will, by a three-to-one vote at least, officially demand an immediate payment of the bonus.

An Associated Press dispatch from Washington announces that Legions of no fewer than thirty-five States are now on record favoring the payment of the cash bonus—twenty-one of these having thus reversed the decision of last year. Only three, the same account assures us, are on record against the cash payment. Interpreting these figures, the Associated Press writer—and his prognostications are echoed in many dailies—says two-thirds of the votes at the National convention when it opens next week are already pledged for the bonus, or at least 1,063 votes out of a total of 1,415.

That the question of the bonus will become, after next week, a live and bitter campaign issue, we are assured by Walker Stone, writing in the Washington *News:*

"When the Portland convention acts, the bonus issue will be thrown with full force into the Presidential and Congressional campaigns.

"President Hoover is committed against the bonus, and Governor Roosevelt undoubtedly will be forced to take a stand.

"Votes on the Patman bonus bill in the last session will have a bearing on the results in every Congressional race."

BEFORE the Brooklyn incident—the booing of Assistant Secretary Davison and the hissing of the President's name by the New York légionnaires—Republican leaders had hoped that an address by Patrick J. Hurley, Secretary of War, before the National convention, might effect the rejection of any resolution calling for immediate cash payment of the bonus—as happened a year ago, after Mr. Hoover's address at Detroit. Now the most they can hope for, says a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times* is to prevent the passage of resolutions severely condemning President Hoover for his action in using troops to expel from the capital the Bonus Expeditionary Forces.

Certain anti-Administration papers are convinced that the reversal of attitude now manifest in the American Legion is the inevitable outcome of the so-called Anacostia affair. The mordant, outspoken Baltimore *Sun* (Ind. Dem.) is among these:

"By turning gas, cavalry and tanks on the B. E. F. the Hoover Administration has managed to generate behind the move to cash the bonus a great emotional force which sweeps right across the issues properly involved, and thus complicates gravely the task of those who would defeat this undertaking.

"The move to cash the bonus acquires no new virtues from its new emotional setting; but the chances of making clear that it remains essentially a selfish and unworthy move have been greatly decreased both for those in and out of the Legion by President Hoover's hectic choice in taking the military offensive against the 'bonus marchers.'

"It is as much to be hoped as ever that the Senate will hold its courage during the coming session—as it did when the B. E. F. appeared."

The New Haven *Register* (Ind.) notes that the word *bonus* appears in the platform neither of the Republican nor of the Democratic parties. The New York *Herald Tribune* (Rep.), stanch supporter of the Administration, agrees:

"Even if a future Congress could be found to dare the passage of so disastrous a measure, a Presidential veto would be a certainty. President Hoover's attitude is beyond any question.

"Governor Roosevelt is running upon a platform with a more emphatic plank upon veterans' relief.

"If he were elected he could not sign a measure which is impossible of fulfilment, and he can not permit the ex-service men to vote for him in the expectation that he would do so without falling into a dishonesty that would certainly cost him the election.

"As his own supporters are pointing out, the least that he can do is to make his position clear, as clear as President Hoover's, and it is impossible that any serious candidate for the Presidency could pledge himself to do other than veto the proposal for immediate payment by printing-press."

IT would be impossible to list all the dailies, Republican, Democratic and Independent, which regret the reopening of the bonus drive. Many note the convergence of American Legion and B. E. F. sentiments. Not without significance is re-entry of Walter W. Waters, commander of the Bonus Expeditionary Force, into the counsels of the Legion. Papers of such divergent policies as the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.) and the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Ind. Dem.) regret, as the latter expresses it, that the "American people face the prospect in these distracted and disjointed times of having to meet an undue obligation of more than $2,000,000,000. Congress, if it passes the bonus bill, either must find more sound money than is now in sight or it must resort to the expedient of putting printing-presses in motion, without anything to back the output." In similar vein the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Ind.) indignantly points out:

"It seems futile to argue with the bonus advocates. It may be futile even to oppose the granting of more billions to veterans, but the facts should be faced by voters and the public generally, which would pay the bill. In the World War we resorted to draft, which meant that all able-bodied men were subject to service. These men were classified. Had the war continued most of them would have been drafted.

"Actually some four million were called. About half of this number went abroad. About one-fourth of those drafted saw service. A minority of the men actually in service belong to the Legion.

"It is ironic that just at a time when we are about to throw off the domination of the fanatical Prohibition minority the country is faced with drastic demands by another minority whose method in coercing politicians is similar to that of the drys."

Among the few and scattered dailies which lift voices in support of the payment of the bonus we find the Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette* (Ind. Dem.), which is unreservedly with the B. E. F. and those légionnaires who are demanding the bonus:

"The payment of the money to the veterans will distribute over two billions of dollars that will go to every county, city, village, neighborhood and post-office in the United States.

"It seems to us that that would, at once, stimulate business, get prosperity out into the country, and do more to revive confidence than anything which has been done or suggested.

"Among the many things for which the people will have to forgive Mr. Hoover before he can get by the starting barrier stands in a prominent place his treatment of the helpless soldier boys at Washington and his obstinate stand against paying them their just dues, and thereby relieving the financial and credit situation of the country."

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Roosevelt's Prohibition Blast

TO THE CHEERS OF MORE THAN 100,000, Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt taunts, teases, and derides the Republican elephant as part fish, part camel.

On the broad parade ground of Camp Moore at Sea Girt, New Jersey, at a function arranged by Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City, his bitter foe at the Chicago convention, the Democratic Presidential nominee delivers his first Prohibition speech of the campaign.

"Pussycat words" is the phrase he hurls at President Hoover as the vast crowd cheers. And all over the country the Democratic papers echo those cheers, while Republican papers and leaders emit thunderous boos and hurl back taunt for taunt.

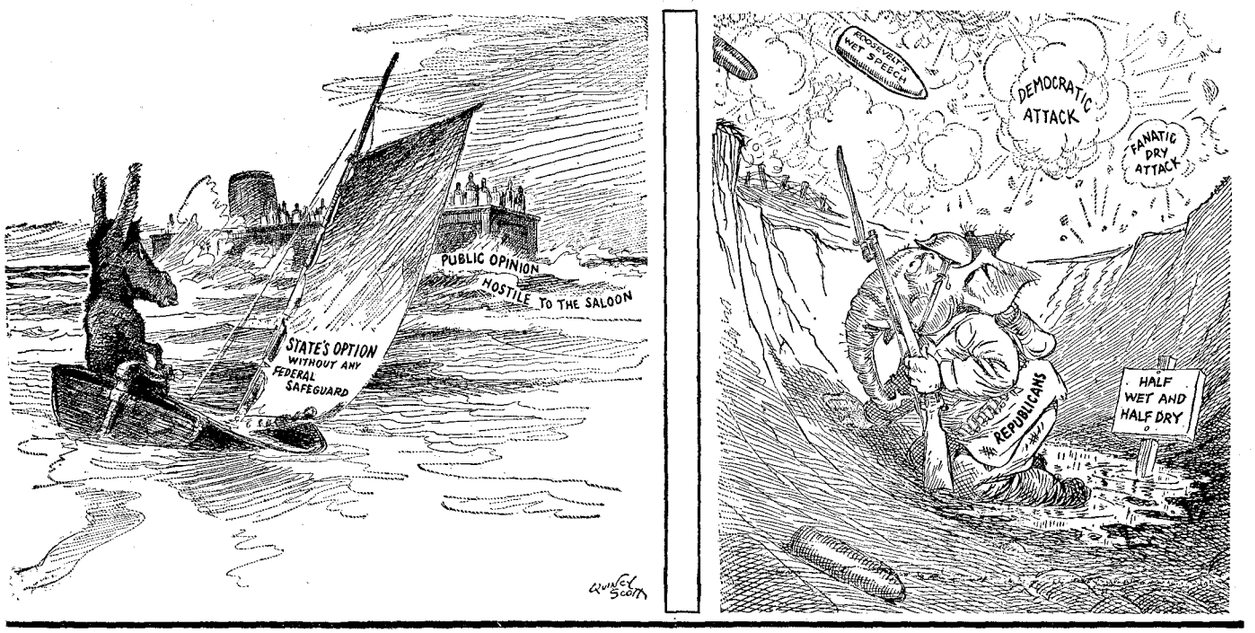
Mr. Roosevelt declared "on this subject," "the two parties offer the voters a genuine choice this year. On the one hand, a definite government can not get away with the destruction of State control.

"His statement proceeds deliberately to misrepresent the position of the Democratic party. He says: 'Our opponents pledge the members of their party to destroy every vestige of constitutional and effective Federal control of the traffic.'

"I have the right to assume that the President read the Democratic platform, and on that assumption I charge that this statement was made to mislead the people of this country, and I assert that a mere reading of the plain, unequivocal provisions of the Democratic platform will sustain that charge."

But the answer to all this is forthcoming at once as Republicans unite in booing the Democratic nominee. Says Representative James M. Beck of Pennsylvania:

"In this matter, as in so many other political issues, Mr.



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Looks a Bit Rough for Crossing the Bar
—Scott in the Portland "Oregonian."

"This Is a 'Ell of a 'Ole!"
—Orr in the Chicago "Tribune."

IT LOOKS LIKE A CASE OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

method of relief in the true American tradition, with the States authorized to carry out their part of the responsibility, and the nation doing what it is practically and constitutionally able to do. On the other side, evasion and indirection."

ACCUSING the Republicans of fighting "a battle of words," he then turned his attack upon president Hoover:

"To any one who will read the Prohibition plank in the Republican platform and the remarks of the President on this question in his acceptance speech, the difficulty under which the President labors will become obvious, and the reason for his use of meaningless words will become clear. It is the difficulty that always attends sacrificing principles for votes and attempting to conceal that fact by the use of pussycat words. That statement can be no better substantiated than by the President's own statement that 'I have always sympathized with the high purpose of the Eighteenth Amendment.' Does that spell out a Prohibitionist attempting to retain the support of the drys?

"But the President has at last learned what the facts have shown these many years—that laws opposed by majority sentiment 'create resentment which undermines enforcement and in the end produces degeneration and crime.'

"This seems to mean State home rule. But apparently the President does not really believe in State home rule, if by the use of force there can be effective Federal control. He is willing to believe in the principle of State control only when the Federal Roosevelt is an excellent fog-horn. He loudly proclaims the existence of the fog—in itself some service—but, like a fog-horn, he neither disperses the fog nor even navigates the ship through it.

"President Hoover is trying to disperse the fog of mutual misunderstanding and hatred on this subject and to navigate the ship of State through it."

"CONFINING himself solely to Prohibition," said Representative William E. Hull of Illinois, "he concealed the fact that the Prohibition plank adopted by the Democratic Convention, and which he has endorsed 100 per cent., was not the plank which originally was drawn by his representatives and his spokesman."

Two quotations will show the trends of press comment.

"Governor Roosevelt is on safe ground when he attacks the Republican Prohibition straddle, the most damaging blunder made by the Republican party in years," declares M. E. Tracy in the New York *World-Telegram* (Ind.).

But "it is only by distorting what President Hoover said in his acceptance speech," asserts the Springfield *Union* (Rep.), "by reading into it things which are not in it, that Governor Roosevelt arrives at his own convenient interpretation of the Hoover position."

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The Coal Struggle in "Little Egypt"

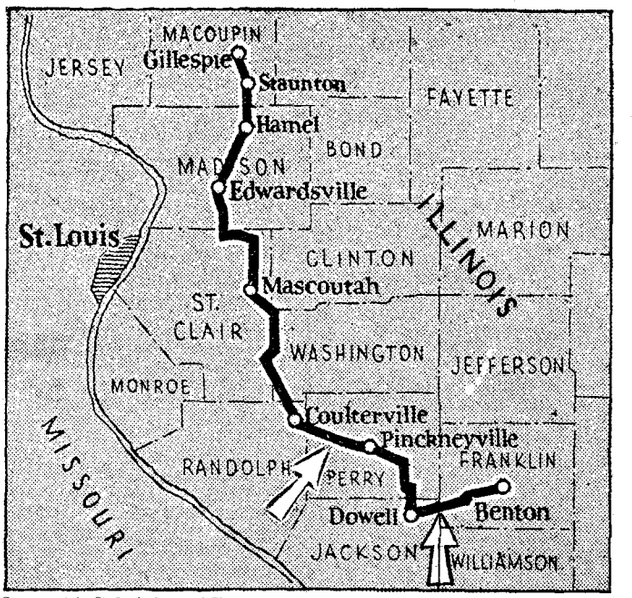
"WE ARE COMING ON. You can't kill all of us!" Ten thousand striking coal-miners on the march sent back this message to Sheriff Robinson of Franklin County, Illinois.

"It's almost certain death if you come on," the police had warned the Coal Caravan, which straggled for many miles in length along the roads of southern Illinois. Eventually, we read in news dispatches from the battle-front, these bitter rebels against an agreement, signed by the leaders of the United Mine Workers, that the Illinois miners would accept a $5-a-day wage, were prevented from entering Franklin County, and from picketing the mines at Benton.

But the coal war did not end there. For it is a complex, triangular war that is being fought. Even more bitter than the clash between miners and mine-owners, we read in the news columns, is the bitter internecine struggle within the unions themselves—national officials of the United Mine Workers denounced by the radicals and Communists as treacherous betrayers; local chapters being expelled from the national organizations.

To intensify the bitterness, low-paid non-union mine-workers of other States are held responsible for the collapse of the organization the Illinois miners have struggled for years to build up.

The caravan of strikers was made up of malcontents who set out to dissuade native-born miners from working under the agreement signed by the union leaders and the operators. Their objective was Benton, in Franklin County, in the heart of "Little Egypt," as the rich coal district of southern Illinois is known to the miners.



Courtesy of the St. Louis *Star and Times*

The Path of the Coal Caravan

The army of strikers moved southward from Gillespie, Illinois, toward Benton, 110 miles distant. The arrow at the left indicates the first clash with deputy sheriffs; the other where a more or less bloodless battle with Franklin County authorities took place.

BEHIND the strange spectacle of this cross-country cavalcade in dilapidated motors and on foot, of men and women, armed only with scanty rations, appealing pathetically for the support of fellow workers and the public at large, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* discovers a social phenomenon not unlike the siege of Washington by the Bonus Army and the Farmers' Strike:

"They are all typical of a new mood in 1932—a mood which reveals some kinship between veterans and farmers and miners, or any other groups which are victimized by the conditions of life around them and are, furthermore, reenforced spiritually by the knowledge of hundreds of thousands of others forced out of work by conditions over which they had no control. As a phenomenon of the times, these demonstrations deserve more study than has been given to them. Whether they accomplish their immediate objectives is not so important as what they may indicate of the currents of thought running through unfortunate men and women in many parts of the country. Even surface observation suggests that is too important to be ignored."

WRITING from Benton, Illinois, to the Chicago *Daily News*, Gifford Ernest notes that "the world's richest coal-fields, where many of its poorest people live," become a reminder of the many murderous strifes and social struggles that have occurred within "Little Egypt" the last decade:

"A great percentage of the population of Franklin and other counties in the coal-field district is foreign-born.

"The native population is of the Southern Piedmont cultural stock, either coming direct themselves from Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, or are the descendants of parents who did. The cultural streams of the foreign- and native-born come frequently into economic and social conflict even under normal circumstances.

"The first serious clashes occurred with the decline of mining operations and an oversupply of labor when it was apparent the coal industry was overdeveloped, and some mines of necessity either had to close or work for brief periods only.

"Then followed the economic depression and a further development of the coal-fields in Kentucky and West Virginia, where low wages are paid to non-union workers. Illinois mine-owners were no longer able to compete in the market.

"An adjustment of wages was finally agreed on by union officials and mine-owners. A lower wage-scale was submitted to the miners for acceptance.

"Investigation reveals that at least 80 per cent. of the mining population throughout the Southern mining counties desire and are willing to work in preference to receiving State and county unemployment relief. It is the conflict over jobs and their distribution that has given the opposition to the new wage agreement such a menacing appearance."

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The Miners' Motor Army Is Halted

Long-range picketing by motor-car in a caravan, said to extend about forty-eight miles, was a feature of the Illinois strikers' attempted invasion of Franklin County. Turned back at the county line, their cars completely blocked the highway.

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The Farmers' War for Higher Prices

THE "BUTTER-AND-EGG Expeditionary Force" is digging in for a long siege.

Not "till hell freezes over," declare these striking farmers of the Mid-West, will they quit their fight to force up prices of farm produce.

Each day brings new and exciting developments as the farm holiday movement intensifies and spreads. It is one of the strangest phenomena of that breeder of anomalies, the depression.

Giving us a close-up view of the men who started this "revolution," as told in our issue of August 27, Bruce Catton writes from Sioux City, Iowa, in a copyrighted article for the Albany *Knickerbocker Press:*

"Along the trunk highways leading into this busy agricultural market there lounge groups of men in blue denim—husky, purposeful, deeply tanned men, who tilt soiled felt hats over their eyes when the sun is high and swing their brawny arms indolently as they saunter from one cluster of shade trees to another.

"They are the men in the front-line trenches of Iowa's famous 'farmers' strike'—the men who have enforced an almost complete stoppage of the movement of farm produce to the market in the hope of lifting the corn belt out of the depression.

"They are good-natured, but they mean business. Every truck that approaches gets stopt. Big telephone poles and heavy planks with long spikes set at two-inch intervals are ready to be tossed out on the pavement in front of any car that will not stop. When a truck is stopt the men look in it to see if it contains any farm produce. If it does not, it is allowed to proceed. If it does, it goes back where it came from.

"Ordinarily, you will find from one to two score men on a picket station. They have a way of materializing rapidly. On half an hour's notice a small group can swell to a hundred.

"When no trucks are coming the men lounge about, talk, smoke, make jokes."

THESE, then, are the men whose blockade of roads into cities of the Mid-West, principally Omaha, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Sioux City, has given the newspapers extra drama day by day. Fist fights galore and dozens of arrests have marked the picketing campaign by which the farmers seek to keep produce from markets until a "fair" price is obtainable.

Some of the chief developments as reported in the press are:

Acme

"Our Demand Is Righteous"

Declares Milo Reno, leader of the farm strike to force up prices.

A threat of Federal intervention is made after pickets halt a live-stock train at Nacora, Nebraska, and take off a car-load of cattle.

Deputy sheriffs lay down a barrage of tear gas in an effort to drive off pickets using force to block roads to Council Bluffs.

When 1,000 angry farmers threaten to storm the jail at Council Bluffs, authorities release on bail fifty-five men who picketed highways.

Governor Bryan of Nebraska and Governor Turner of Iowa refuse to intervene in the strike, leaving the problem to local authorities.

Governor Green of South Dakota announces plan to call conference of fifteen Governors of agricultural States to promote an "orderly, practical, legal, and non-violent program for raising farm prices."

Two victories for milk producers are announced when Omaha dairy interests agree to pay $2 a hundredweight for milk, instead of $1.45, and Lincoln milk dealers raise price forty cents to $1.80.

As sluggings and other acts of violence increase, business men of Sioux City appeal to the Governors of Iowa, Nebraska, and South Dakota.

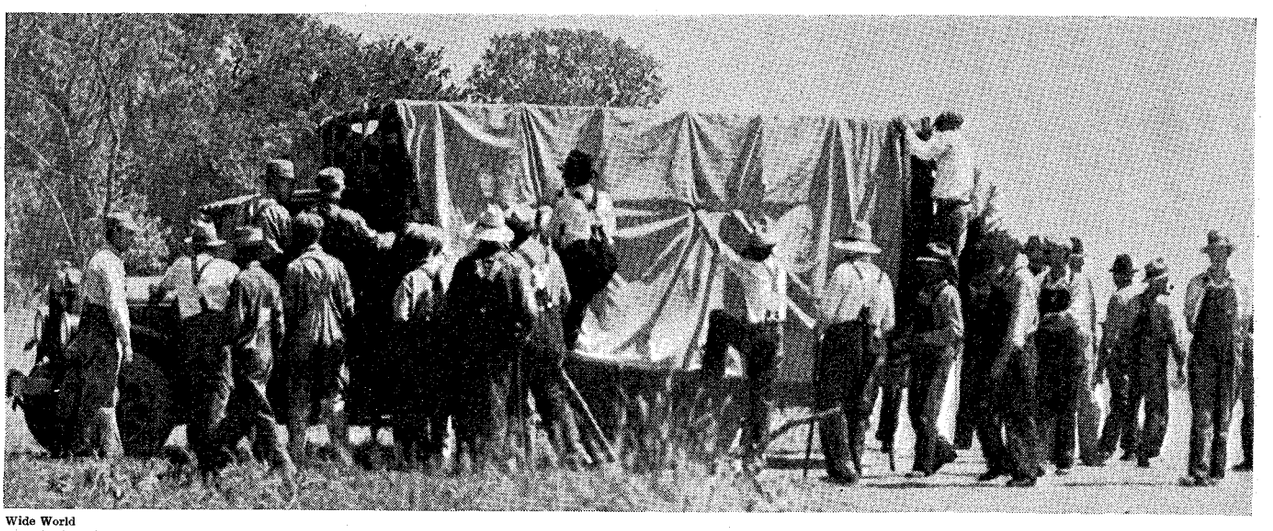
The Khaki Shirts of America, former members of the Bonus Expeditionary Force, take lead in blockading Des Moines sector.

EXPLAINING the purpose of the strike, its guiding spirit, Milo Reno, president of the National Farmers' Holiday Association, declares that "until the buying power of the farmer is restored—which can be done only by conceding him the right to cost of production based on an American standard of existence—business institutions, whether great or small, important or humble, must suffer."

In general, press comment on the farm holiday is sympathetic, altho deploring the acts of violence. There is apparently little alarm over this uprising. Most observers feel that the strike is futile. Typical is the comment of the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

"As a demonstration of the intensity of the economic depression in the country's chief farming areas, the revolt of the farmers is deserving of serious consideration.

"As a plan for raising farm prices by violence, however, it betrays a pathetic ignorance of the causes and the possible remedies for inadequate prices."



Wide World

This Truck Didn't Go to Market—Striking Nebraska Farmers Forced It to Turn Back

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

To all appearances Mr. Borah's third party is the first person.—*Tampa Tribune.*

A CERTAIN amount of political talk will naturally create a bull market.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is coming home to campaign against Coz Franklin. The War of the Rooses.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

ONE way to secure prosperity within about a couple of weeks is to let each man run another man's business.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THERE seems some little difference of opinion whether Mr. Roosevelt is of the old breed or just T. R. with the nerve extracted.—*Detroit News.*

A NEW YORK savings-bank has just acquired an ice-skating palace in a $600,000 foreclosure. A good many other banks have frozen assets, but they can not operate them as amusement resorts.—*The American Banker* (*New York*).

Too many golf players use the woods even when using the irons.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE real trouble with government seems to be that we have too few ideals and too many deals.—*Mobile Register.*

THE new motor-cars are going to have welded bodies, but that doesn't mean they will have fewer nuts in them.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

APPROPRIATELY, Al Smith who heads the tallest building in the world, has been named editor of *Outlook* magazine.—*Ohio State Journal.*

WHO says prosperity isn't contagious? Right on the heels of the advance in hog prices comes increased activity in the pig-iron market.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

IN some respects the idea of finger-printing children seems to be a good one. At least it will settle the question as to who used the guest towel in the bathroom.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The Reason

—Kuhn in the Indianapolis "News."

THERE seems a growing disposition to regard Cactus Jack and Charley less as competitors than counter-irritants.—*Detroit News.*

As we understand President Hoover's immigration policy, the Melting Pot is to be converted into a Non-Refillable Bottle.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

FRANCE has put a prohibitive tariff on American prunes. France is no place, however, American prunes should ever go.—*Northwest Insurance* (*Minneapolis*).

WE suppose that after refusing in his acceptance speech to cancel the war debts, Mr. Hoover won't carry a single ward in Europe this fall.—*Grand Rapids Press.*

THE W. C. T. U., which supports principles rather than candidates, is understood to be having some trouble locating the former this year.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

THERE is a more hopeful feeling in the business world. Credit for the improvement is claimed for three different parties: Republicans, Democrats, and pigs.—*The New Yorker.*

FARMERS are becoming more like city dwellers every day. First they got telephones, electric power and radios and now out West some of them are striking.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

PRETTY soon the only forgotten man will be the one who hasn't any vote.—*Springfield Union.*

"BORAH is silent," says a dispatch from Idaho, which neglects to give the date of the funeral.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

"ON a Maryland farm a turkey gobbler is sitting on twenty-one eggs." Omigosh! Do turkey hens play bridge?—*Toledo Blade.*

JUST as an initial remedy for the depression the R. F. C. acting for the U. S. A. is certainly putting its O. K. on a lot of I. O. U.'s.—*Wichita Eagle.*

"WAR," exclaims Mussolini, "is needed to keep humanity from growing stale." Yet somehow only breaks out when diplomats grow fresh.—*Detroit News.*

MOTHER ENGLAND'S experience at Ottawa is the common experience of mothers everywhere—as soon as the kids grow up, they want to buy their clothes themselves at shops of their own choosing.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

LOOKS as if the Wall Street bears will have to hibernate unusually early this winter.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THIS country is tired of Prohibition—that is, unless the political parties' guesses are all wet.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

NORMAN THOMAS has run for Borough President, Mayor, Governor, Congressman, Senator and President. And, we are forced to conclude, for fun.—*Detroit News.*

"SHAPE of Shoulder Blade Denotes State of Person's Mentality." — Head-line. It sounds like the doom of the low-back evening dress industry.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

SOME day, somewhere, it is our confident prediction, the White Shirts will rise up in wrath to tell the Black Shirts, Brown Shirts, Red, and various other shirts just where they get off.—*Springfield Union.*

THE consideration shown at the Olympic games by American athletes extends even to not allowing the visitors to be burdened with excess baggage through carrying trophies home.—*Washington Post.*

A LOCK of Napoleon's hair sold for $5.30 at a London auction. Judging by the newsreels, Mussolini's barber can't start saving too soon.—*Detroit News.*

AL SMITH says he'll support the Democratic ticket, but declines to state whether it will be in the style to which it has been accustomed.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

A SURVEY shows eighty-six research expeditions, covering the globe from pole to pole, are en route or in discussion. That corner must be somewhere.—*Detroit News.*

RECENT geographical conquests have reduced the dark spots on the map to the polar regions, the heart of the Arabian Desert, and Russell T. Sherwood.—*New York Times.*

IF South America can't agree on the ownership of Chaco, an uninhabited region of swamps and desert, the alternative seems to be a plebiscite of the mosquitoes.—*Detroit News.*

SENATOR BORAH announces that he will campaign but not for Hoover, Roosevelt, or any third-party candidate. Then it must be for that "forgotten man."—*Pathfinder* (*Washington*).

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FOREIGN COMMENT

The Hitler-von Papen Duel That Rocks Germany

VON PAPEN, NOT HITLER, promises to be the real dictator of the German Republic.

This is the feeling of various editors who note the slashing strokes by which the von Papen Cabinet, backed to the limit by President von Hindenburg, has been cutting down the German Fascist leader's hopes of control.

Two days before the new Reichstag convened on August 30, Chancellor von Papen broadcast a twelve-month reconstruction program for Germany, which is said to be the boldest attempt to grapple with the problem of the nation's army of jobless—now totaling 5,388,000 — ever undertaken by a German Government.

The next day, Chancellor von Papen entertained Adolf Hitler at luncheon in company with Gen. Kurt von Schleicher, Minister of Defense, who is said to be the most powerful man in the von Papen Cabinet.

The Chancellor, according to Berlin press cables, told the Fascist chieftain that he might become Vice-Chancellor, that his party might have dictatorial control over Prussia, and that several minor posts in the Cabinet could be given to National Socialists.

But Hitler, adamant as he has been throughout, spurned this offer, relates a United Press correspondent, declaring he would take all or nothing.

Following this, President von Hindenburg at Neudeck, his summer home in East Prussia, empowered the Chancellor to dissolve the Reichstag the moment an attempt should be made to vote down the von Papen Cabinet. According to an Associated Press correspondent in Berlin, the real source of authority in Germany is President von Hindenburg, and many observers saw in the Chancellor's visit to Neudeck, at the very time the new Reichstag was opening, "a studied gesture of disdain for parliamentarism."

Keystone-Underwood photograph

Germany's "Dictator"

This is the title given by some to Chancellor von Papen because of the great power entrusted to him and his Cabinet by President von Hindenburg.

HOWEVER this may be, adds this correspondent, the fact is that everything hinges upon von Hindenburg, and the Reichstag and the Diet are "mere safety-valves for blowing off steam."

As a specimen of Hitlerite steam, we have his rousing cry: "We do not fear the new elections!" This was uttered with reference to the possibility of the Reichstag's dissolution. Hitler was speaking to his 230 party deputies who had gathered to pay him tribute, we are told, and filed past their diminutive and dynamic leader, each clasping his hand and swearing an oath of fealty. He assured them further:

"I have never viewed a situation with more calm, and more confidence, than I view this situation to-day. Our claims to power are no longer denied, even by the Government. But all the Government offers us, in fulfilment of these claims to power, is to rob us of our independence.

"Our opponents must learn that in you they see not 230 men, but 230 backed by 14,000,000—standing as one man. They may be able to rule without the Reichstag, but they can not rule without the people.

"The Government is bound to fall, because it fails to understand the feeling of the people. We are ready, at any moment, to take our fight before the public again."

THIS momentous session of Parliament was opened by the veteran woman Communist, the seventy-five-year-old "Red Clara" Zetkin, who added more fuel to the half-suppressed conflagration, when she declared:

"I herewith open the Reichstag, hoping that I live to open the First Assembly of Soviet Germany."

She has just returned from Moscow, where she spent the last few years, to preside over the opening of the Assembly as "President by seniority."

She declared that the Reichstag had the right to impeach President von Hindenburg and the von Papen Cabinet for breach of the Constitution. Then she added in her feeble voice: "But such a measure would be tantamount to impeaching the devil before his grandmother."

Frederick Kuh, chief United Press correspondent at Berlin, cables that:

"While 'Red Clara' was addressing the House, serious clashes broke out in front of the Parliament Building between Hitlerites and Communists. Despite the usual police precautions, fist fights began among a crowd of 2,000 persons, and police wielded their batons to disperse the mob. Nazi groups in chorus shouted denunciation of the recent death sentences of five Nazis convicted of political terrorism.

"When police started to clear Parliament Square, they were resisted by the crowd, and knocked down several persons. Women shrieked and several fainted when the stampede for safety began.

"Some of the mob stoned police. The fighting continued around Brandenburg Gate. Numerous Communists and Brown Shirts were arrested."

HERMANN WILHELM GOERING, who has been with Hitler since the "Beer Cellar Putsch" of 1923, was elected speaker of the new Reichstag, receiving 367 out of 583 votes. Mr. Goering assumed the chair drest in full Hitlerite regalia—high brown riding-boots, corduroy trousers, brown shirt, and Sam Browne belt. His chest was adorned with war decorations, and the ribbon of the Order Pour la Merité, bestowed by ex-Kaiser Wilhelm, hung from Goering's neck.

The von Papen Government, say Berlin press correspondents, appears to control only the votes of the thirty-seven Hugenberg Nationalists.

In all this tumultuous afternoon, we are advised, the Government conspicuously snubbed the Reichstag opening at which no member of the Government appeared.

Chancellor von Papen, Minister of Defense Gen. Kurt von Schleicher, and Minister of Interior Baron von Gayl remained

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at Neudeck with President von Hindenburg. The von Papen Government's program was announced by the Chancellor before the Westphalian Farmers' Association at Muenster, on August 28, and broadcast to the nation by a national hook-up. The plan would be limited to one year, after which, the Cabinet hopes, a world economic revival will have disposed of the problem. As summarized by John Elliott in a copyrighted

German Satire

"How emergency government loves parliament."
—"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).

cable to the New York *Herald Tribune* from Berlin, the outstanding points in Chancellor von Papen's program are:

"1. Tax relief amounting to 2,000,000,000 marks ($476,000,000) for renewal of plant in German industries.
"2. Employment for 1,750,000 men, now jobless.
"3. Premiums to employers who hire more men.
"4. Recognition in principle of wage and arbitration agreements between capital and labor, but adaptation of these agreements, involving lower wages, in order to prevent hard-prest concerns from going to the wall.
"5. Introduction of a working year for academic youth between high school and university to solve the problem of the overcrowded professions.
"6. Rejection of the principle of 'autarchy'—economic self-sufficiency—but announcement of pending 'moderate' regulation of imports.
"7. Maintenance of a stable currency.
"8. Appropriation of 135,000,000 marks ($32,130,000) for productive work for unemployed men.
"9. Reforms of the Prussian Administration with a view to abolishing superfluous posts in the immediate future, to be followed later by Reich reform and elimination of the dualism between the Reich and Prussia."

ALTHO Chancellor von Papen expressly stated in announcing his plan that his Government would respect the principles of the Constitution, cabled editorials to THE LITERARY DIGEST show the Socialist-Democratic *Vorwaerts* charging the contrary:

"A man whom the entire German nation will repudiate dares to present a plan requiring years for realization and needing protection against 'partizan disturbances.' That means that he intends only complete reorganization of the State and exclusion of the Reichstag.
"Von Papen mentions the 'foundations of the Constitution,' but the foundation-stone of the Constitution is the provision that a Chancellor who lacks the confidence of the Reichstag shall resign. His plan is essentially unsocial, and in reality it is Bolshevism—Bolshevism by capital."

An important German newspaper among business interests, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, thinks that von Papen's speech was "a pleasant surprize," and with a jab at the Nazis, it remarks:

"Von Papen declines once more to consider the minority behind the Hitler flag as the German nation, and to treat all other parties as fair game. It is also encouraging that he proposes no amateur experimentation with money and no attempts at economic self-sufficiency."

BUT the *Berliner Tageblatt* sharply questions the Chancellor's right to have proposed his twelve-month plan of reconstruction before the Reichstag met. On the other hand, the Nationalist *Deutsche Zeitung* argues that "in view of the fact that the Chancellor presented a twelve-month plan it is to be concluded that he is confident of overcoming disturbances within the Reichstag and remaining in office to fulfil his program."

Among cabled editorials to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the London press, we find *The Daily Telegraph* positively skeptical of the von Papen twelve-month plan:

"This immense and costly program for revival of industry and absorption of unemployment has many highly dubious aspects, but the most dubious of all is the assumption that such a task can be carried through by a government which, as things stand, has to reckon with the violent hostility of almost all of Germany that is politically conscious."

A march back to Prussianism would seem to be the general interpretation of the French press as deduced from editorials cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST. Thus, the semiofficial Paris *Temps* is convinced that:

"There remains no further doubt that von Papen intends to govern Germany without the aid of the Reichstag, and dictatorially under the cover of the Field Marshal President."

Rabbit and Soy-Beans a La Soviet

A SHORTAGE in the country's live stock and a similar falling-off in the raising, transporting, and storing of fruit and vegetables, it seems, has greatly cut down the national food supply of Soviet Russia.

To meet the emergency the Soviet authorities are relying on the soy-bean and the rabbit.

Posters and newspaper head-lines all over the country blazon forth the bright possibilities of rabbit-breeding, a Moscow correspondent of the London *Observer* tells us, while the soy-bean, hitherto grown mostly in Manchuria, is being more and more widely cultivated in the Soviet Union. But the soy-bean made a bad beginning as a dietary reform. We read then:

"In Kiev a compound of sausage and soy-bean met with little popular favor, while in Odessa a diet of soy-bean courses, offered morning, noon, and night, soon surfeited the diners in public restaurants. One cook even labeled an unsavory soy-bean preparation, 'the dish of the second Five-Year plan,' which led to an investigation of his political past and a discovery that he was not an enthusiast for the Soviet régime.
"If the main difficulties with the use of soy-beans are in the field of proper preparation, the relief of the meat shortage by a large injection of stewed and boiled rabbit has been delayed by many instances of neglect and carelessness in breeding and caring for the rabbits.
"All in all, the provisioning of the country with such novel articles of diet as rabbits and soy-beans seems to encounter as many difficulties as the supply with such more conventional foodstuffs as meat, dairy products, fruit, and vegetables."

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Japan's Defiant Manchurian Doctrine

DESPITE HIS SUAVITY OF SPEECH, despite the traditional Japanese politeness of his tone, Count Yasuya Uchida, Japan's Foreign Minister, left no doubt in the minds of his hearers in the House of Peers and of those who read his speech on recognition of the Manchukuo régime in Manchuria of the inflexibility of Japan's Manchurian Doctrine. He told the House of Peers, on August 25, of Japan's determination to extend forma recognition of the Manchukuo Government as the only means of solving the Manchurian problem.

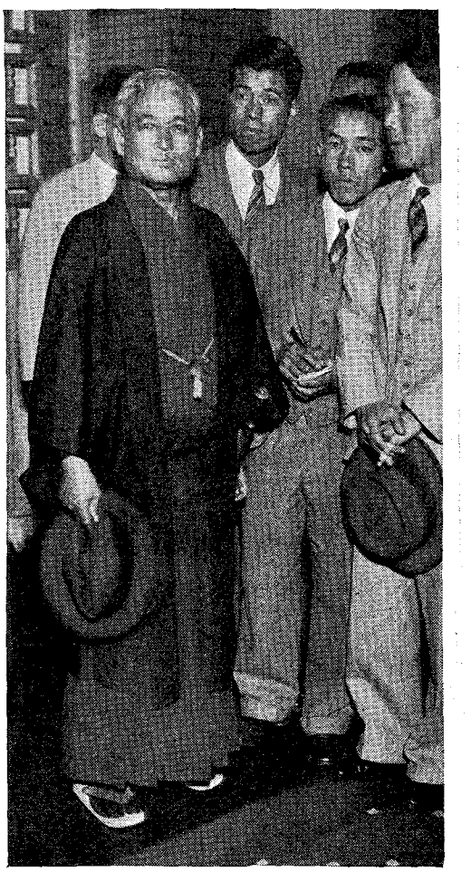
He declared further that "no remedy can be effected by having recourse either to the Covenant of the League of Nations or any other organ of what is termed the machinery of peace."

His forthright statement was not really intended for the House of Peers, some skeptical American editors point out, but was plainly directed at the United States, at Great Britain, and especially at the League of Nations.

As to the latter body Geneva press cables indicate premonitions that Japan's resolve to recognize the Manchukuo régime in Manchuria is a prelude to her withdrawal from the League of Nations.

Answering American criticism, cabled editorials to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the Tokyo press show the newspaper *Miyako* asserting bluntly:

"If the United States is justified in excluding the Monroe Doctrine from the authority of the League of Nations, then Japan is justified in demanding non-interference from the Powers in the Far East, in recognition of Japan's implicit Asiatic policy."



Keystone-Underwood photograph

"No Remedy"

Can be effected in Manchuria, says Count Yasuya Uchida, Japan's Foreign Minister, by recourse either to the League or any other organ of what is termed the machinery of peace.

ANTICIPATING the report of the League of Nations inquiry commission in Manchuria, which is headed by the Earl of Lytton, Count Uchida specifically remarked:

"It appears in certain quarters that a plan is being considered to reach a solution by patching up matters for the moment by investing China with authority over Manchuria.

"That such a plan would only serve to reproduce the situation preceding the incident of September 18 [1931] is only too plain. The people of Japan never would consent to such a solution.

"It is clear that the investing of China with power over Manchuria, under whatever guise, would be totally irreconcilable with the political creed enunciated in the declaration of independence and other public statements of the Manchukuo Government, and, therefore, the scheme has no chance of being accepted by the Manchurians."

That Japan's press is firmly intrenched back of the Government and is unanimous in demanding early recognition for Manchukuo is apparent from editorials cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST. For instance, the important Tokyo *Asahi* avers:

"Effective settlement of the Manchurian problem depends upon Japan's recognition of Manchukuo. Solution by other means might have been possible previously, but not now.

"Thirty million Manchurians and Mongolians now have risen and established their own government as a protest against the maladministration of Chang Hsueh-liang. While Japan has realized for the last twenty years the futility of that administration, she has exercised extreme patience and self-denial with regard to Manchurian problems.

"It was natural and inevitable that Japan should seek effectual settlement through recognition of Manchukuo as a State independent of the Chinese Government.

"Whatever the conclusion of the Lytton Commission, the above policy of the Empire can not in the least be altered.

"China's real problem is not Manchuria but the spread of Communism. Washington, London, and Geneva ought to realize this and work to promote Chino-Japanese cooperation which is essential to Chinese domestic stability."

ANOTHER influential daily of wide circulation, the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi*, agrees with the foregoing and incidentally hands a little slap to Secretary Stimson and the League of Nations:

"Uchida stated definitely the Government's intention to recognize Manchukuo regardless of the empty and prejudiced theories of outsiders. The statement provides food for thought for the Powers opposing Japan's Manchurian policy.

"Secretary Stimson and Geneva accuse Japan of violating the Kellogg Nine-Power agreement. But the united Japanese people are not interested in criticism of our policy. We hope that Count Uchida will state with equal positiveness the Government's attitude on anti-Japanese agitations in China."

The terse Chinese retort to Count Uchida's speech is given in a Nanking Associated Press dispatch which reports Lo Wen-ken, China's Foreign Minister, as declaring that "there will be no peace or prosperity in Manchuria until all Japanese troops are withdrawn," and this dispatch further relates:

"It rests entirely with Japan to improve and restore relations with China, he said, but China never will surrender an inch of territory under pressure of military forces, which she is determined to resist.

"Neither will China agree to any solution of the situation in Manchuria, he said, which takes into account 'the puppet organization established, maintained, and controlled by Japanese military forces.'

"He characterized as preposterous the Japanese assertion that the new régime in Manchuria had been created by the will of the Manchurians. There never has been a separatist movement in Manchuria, he said, but only an aggressive, imperialist movement from outside."

Among cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the English press, we find the Laborite *Daily Herald* in a mood approaching consternation:

"The situation is alive with dangerous possibilities. Secretary Stimson's outspoken warning has already incensed the Jingoes of Japan.

"The imminent publication of the Lytton Report by the League of Nations will do nothing to diminish their fury."

NOT at all excited, because it is in no way surprized by the Uchida declaration, the Liberal Manchester *Guardian* remarks:

"Japan would scarcely have gone to the trouble and expense of the Manchurian campaign, kidnaping the timid ex-Manchu Emperor, ceremoniously installing him as chief executive of Changchun, and establishing a puppet administration without being prepared to recognize the result."

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Our Greatest Concrete Arch Bridge

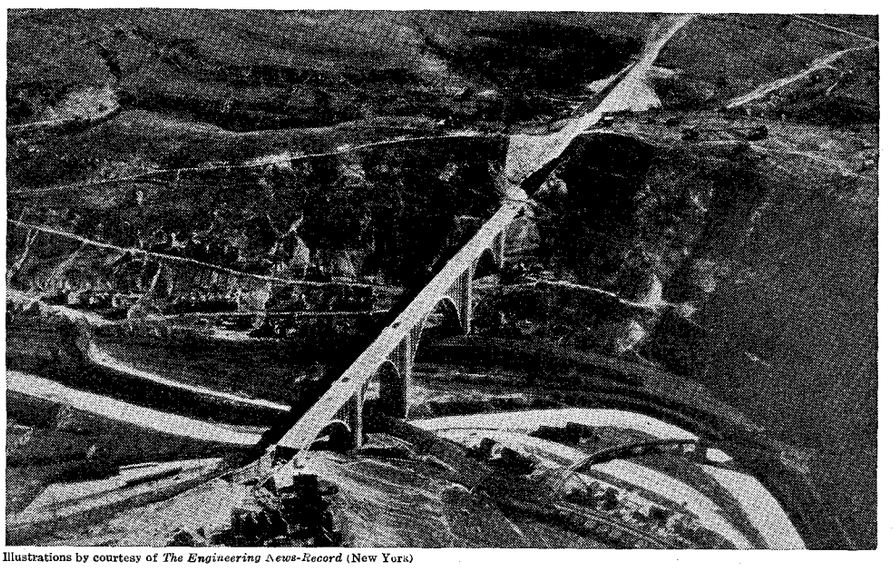
TWO HUNDRED FEET above the Turtle Creek Valley in East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the five concrete arches of the new George Westinghouse Bridge carry a forty-two-foot roadway.

Its use will save many a motorist the experience of traversing one of the most congested stretches of city street and winding road that could be found along the entire length of the Lincoln Highway.

The new link, of which the bridge is the most conspicuous part, eliminates 3.44 miles of heavy grades and bad alinement. It by-passes the narrow streets in the towns of East Pittsburgh and Turtle Creek. Says *The Engineering News-Record* (New York):

"The George Westinghouse Bridge claims a place in the select company of other great engineering achievements of recent years, such as the Holland Tunnel, the Hudson River suspension bridge, and the Hoover Dam.

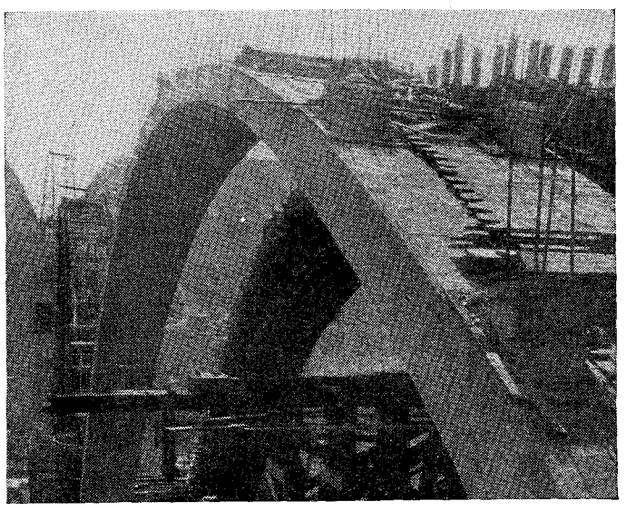
"The new structure is spectacular in the service it renders, in the boldness of its design and erection, in the grace and symmetry of its architecture, and in its location over a busy industrial valley in which three levels of highway and railway were already provided for. Moreover, it has the longest concrete arch in America, using pairs of wide shallow ribs with no cross-struts as its principal load-carrying elements, and having floor-expansion joints only at the ends of the spans. And, finally, skilled field forces using modern equipment and ingenuity built deep foundations and carried out high-level work on schedule time and within close cost estimates."



Illustrations by courtesy of *The Engineering News-Record* (New York)

Its Central Span Is the Longest Concrete Arch in America

This bridge at East Pittsburgh "claims a place in the select company of other great engineering achievements of recent years, such as the Holland Tunnel, the Hudson River suspension bridge, and the Hoover Dam."



How the Bridge Is Supported

Graceful twin ribs of reenforced concrete, each fourteen feet wide and relatively shallow, form the principal load-carrying elements of the George Westinghouse Bridge, which spans Turtle Creek Valley at a height of two hundred feet.

The job, we are told, was to build a five-span reenforced-concrete arch bridge, 1,560 feet long, accessible at one end but blocked at the other until a cut 130 feet deep could be made through the top of a steep bluff. The roadway was to be 200 feet high above a valley occupied by a creek, a highway, and a dozen busy railroad tracks. The height from the bottom of the deepest foundation to the top of the center pier was about 285 feet. We read:

"If a continuous moving picture of the job from beginning to end were available, certain important characteristics would stand out. In such a movie the reviewer would see that:

"Structural-steel sheds over railroads and the highway were covered with unusually heavy plank roofing to withstand falling forms or timbers.

"Piers were sunk as open caissons to a maximum depth of eighty-five feet.

"Concrete paving mixers were set up at each pier location, and all piers were poured to a height slightly above the arch spring line at the earliest possible moment, so that arch centering could be set.

"Abutments were constructed simultaneously with the piers, concrete having to be hauled to the adjacent hilltop and slid down a 400-foot chute to the forms below.

"A cableway system spanned 1,600 feet between steel towers 150 and 110 feet high, on the opposite hilltops.

"Steel-truss centering was used in all of the arch spans, so planned that the two arches at either end of the bridge would first be completed and then all of the centering assembled to support the 460-foot span. A large amount of cross-bracing was provided in the centering to resist wind pressure.

"The centering for the long span consisted of three three-hinged tied arches carried not only by brackets on the piers but by two steel towers set 163 feet apart.

"When moving the centering ahead from one arch to another, it was transported by the cableway in sections weighing not more than thirteen tons. Shifting the centering from the north to the south rib in any one arch was accomplished by means of 250-ton jacks.

"The central mixing plant was adjacent to one of the bridge piers at the lowest point in the valley to which aggregate could conveniently be trucked. Concrete for the structure was delivered by cableway in buckets.

"Electric vibrators were used in placing concrete in the ribs and other thin members because of its rather stiff consistency.

"By the use of high-early-strength Portland cement in the rib keys centering was released three days after placing the last concrete in the rib, an expedient that saved about ninety-five days on the contract time.

"Work began May 15, 1930, and was completed December 28, 1931."

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Lightning Doesn't Zigzag

EVERY ONE IS INTERESTED in lightning. To the man on the street it is a spectacular demonstration that never ceases to grip his imagination.

D. F. Miner, Westinghouse executive, outlines some of the many varieties of both natural and man-made lightning and gives their outstanding characteristics. He says in a press bulletin issued by the company's news department:

"Terrific electrical arcs that may destroy millions of dollars' worth of apparatus and cause serious interruption to industrial operations may also stimulate appreciation for their grandeur and power and beauty of form.

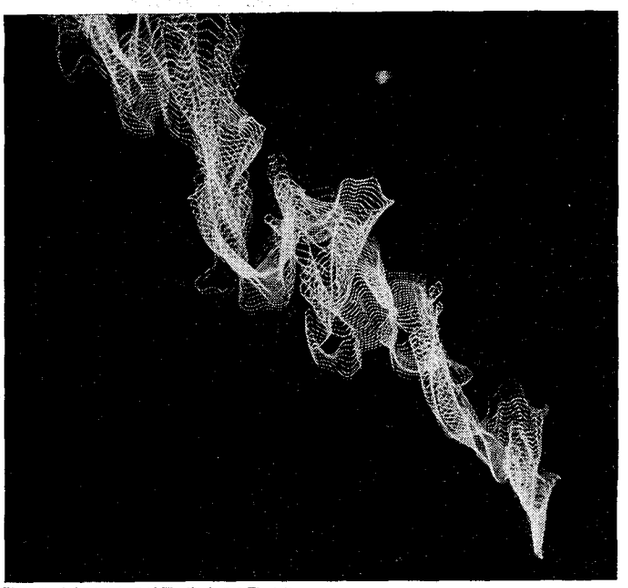
"Even artists have discarded the idea that these bands of vivid fire pierce the sky in broken, zigzag lines. Instead, lightning is pictured to-day as it is, as it actually appears to the eye or camera—a flaming river full of twists and bends.

"Sometimes its flashes are reflected as diffused light on clouds. In other instances it is a single clear flash with numerous contributing branches, very similar to a large river system with many tributaries. Another type produces the peculiar photographic effect of some white streams, some white with black edges, and a third group of black streaks, all in the same picture.

"Streaks appear black because their excessive brightness causes the same effect as overexposure on the negative. Black arcs photographed in the laboratory merely indicate the same degree of brilliance.

"While laboratory lightning does not compare with nature's exhibit, it does produce striking photographic results.

"Zigzag lightning is obtained only when the flash is tamed and its path controlled. This is accomplished by using a small wire or wet string to establish the preliminary conducting path and arranging that wire or string in the desired formation. This plan can be extended to the formation of letters so that writing with lightning is entirely possible."



Photograph by courtesy of Westinghouse Electric

A Lace-Like Flash of Laboratory Lightning

An arc produced by an alternating current, fanned by air-currents.

IN CONTRAST to these river-system patterns, says Mr. Miner, are the flame arcs produced by the normal sixty-cycle current. They cause a resonant hum which grows to a roar if sufficient power is released. They are very different from the distinct lines and sharp reports of the more violent electrical discharges. He goes on:

"Such arcs can be manipulated to some extent. Ordinarily, a fifty-foot arc appears as a flame when 1,000,000 volts are discharged into a sixty-cycle line. If the direction of this arc is guided by an almost invisible wire the same arc looks more like a feathery fountain. When the same arc envelops a group of insulators it has the appearance of an intense and furious flame threatening to consume the insulators.

"Another variation of this arc is produced under certain conditions because the alternating current reverses its direction 120 times a second.

"In this case a delicate tracery shows a multitude of very fine parallel lines in the flame, each line or striation representing a reversal of the current. When such an arc is fanned by air-currents an infinite number of patterns become visible to the eye and the camera.

"Corona, still another form of electrical discharge occurring at high voltage, appears as a steady blue glow at sharp points and corners. As stress is increased, the glow grows more luminous and is accompanied by small streamers shooting out into space."

French Doubts of Psychoanalysis

IN AN ARRAIGNMENT OF PSYCHOANALYSIS, Dr. Génil Perrin, a French expert, blames the psychoanalysts themselves.

Enlarging somewhat upon the indictment, René Sudre now says in the *Européen* (Paris) that we must get firmly into our heads the Freudian procedure or we shall miss the point of all recent criticism of it. He writes:

"Psychoanalysis, as Freud teaches it, is a mode of dealing with certain neurotic states by exploring and exposing their secret origins.

"Now, relations thus implied between two persons of different sexes, one of the individuals having the weight of authority, can cause peril of a kind easily surmised. It is not unlike the peril of former days when magnetizer and patient were of different sexes.

"Psychoanalysis from a medical standpoint has somewhat the aspects of hypnotism. It creates a sentimental relationship which is almost the condition of its success.

"It will fall into the same discredit after it has rendered somewhat the same sort of service.

"Psychoanalysis will not thereafter be cultivated except by some obstinate devotees and some charlatans.

"Thus is brought about the penalty imposed upon a kind of therapy which, in spite of some justification, trifles too cynically with the moral conventions.

"The psychiatry of France repudiates Freudianism as the inevitable and sufficient explanation of neurotic states. This is not the effect of any squeamish delicacy, which would be unthinkable in medicine.

"French experts do not deem Freudian psychoanalysis generally effective.

"A high authority has declared that instead of healing it really aggravates the ill—a malady of the mind that would have been helped by other less inconsiderate treatments.

"Confronted with a patient, the psychoanalyst at once pries into the intimate antecedents of the case, and he always finds these present.

"Where is the man or the woman who has not had in childhood or during adolescence experiences more or less dissembled without sustaining through these a shock or a sensitiveness really defined? By dragging such things into the light of day and ascribing to them a prominent part in the present complication, the psychoanalyst runs the risk of frustrating his own purpose and of complicating a nervous state due, perhaps, to other causes.

"This is what two great French authorities, Hesnard and Génil Perrin, say emphatically.

"A defective analysis may further trouble the debilitated. It may instil a sense of indignity sustained or fortify scruples in the minds of the obsessed.

"These views are shared by most psychiatrists. The psychoanalytical mode of treatment is not any more accepted as 'inoffensive.'

"One expert—a Freudian nevertheless—has recorded instances in which a sound and an unsound diagnosis have had like disastrous results.

"To charge the mind of a perfectly moral character, for instance, with a theory that his difficulty is due to 'an incestuous complex' might drive him into a pernicious melancholia, or even to suicide.

"On the other hand, to seek to persuade a man that he is actuated by such and such an obscure feeling is to lead him to make this feeling real, even if the psychoanalyst be in error."

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A New Kind of Windmill

AT WEST BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY, rises a curious structure which may prove to be as historically important as the first electric station built by Edison fifty years ago in New York.

A metal cylinder, ninety feet high and twenty-two in diameter, is to be one of a series of windmills which will generate electricity and reduce the coal bill of a great power-house.

The power generator of the rotor-ship, recently prominent in the press, has been transferred to the land. Says Waldemar Kaempffert in the New York *Times*, as quoted in *The Manufacturers' Association Bulletin* (Trenton, N. J.):

"If the strange cylinder that looms upon the meadows of New Jersey fulfils expectations, it will not stand alone. About twenty more like it will be erected. Mounted on flat-cars, they will be coupled in a train which will be blown around a circular track. On the axles electric generators will be carried.

"Six public-utility companies were so imprest by the potentialities of such a wind-power plant that they are building a full-sized cylinder at a cost of well over $100,000.

"The old-fashioned windmill does not extract more than 5 per cent. of the energy from wind pressure. Apart from this, the sails have a speed that may become dangerously high. Even reefing may not prevent disruption in a violent gale.

"The possibilities of the wind became apparent as the airplane was developed. Physicists and engineers ransacked technical literature to find out what their predecessors had done. So it happened that the half-forgotten Magnus effect was discovered."

"Gustav Magnus, professor of physics in the University of Berlin, published, in 1853, a paper 'On the Deflection of Projectiles and a Striking Phenomenon in Rotating Bodies.' It had long been known that cannon-balls swerved in strange ways. The Berlin Academy had offered a prize in 1794 for a scientific explanation. Magnus tested a brass cylinder which he could rotate at high speed and against which he could blow a stream of air." To quote further:

"He noticed that the cylinder, which was mounted on a freely swinging arm, always moved at right-angles to the current.

"The stream of air was wrapping itself around the spinning cylinder just as if it were a ribbon. For the half which was moving in the general direction of the air, suction was produced; the other half moved against the wind. There was suction on one side and pressure on the other side of the cylinder.

"Mount a rotating cylinder on a boat or on wheels, let the wind blow against it, and it will be propelled along by both suction and pressure, the two acting together in a line approximately at right-angles to the direction of the wind.

"Two engineers, Julius Madaras and Anton Flettner, the one a Hungarian and the other a German, independently reached a conclusion that with a properly designed rotating cylinder, the energy of the wind could be more effectively harnessed than ever before. Flettner drove two vessels on long voyages with cylinders or rotors. His efforts were a brilliant technical but not a commercial success.

"Madaras states that he anticipated Flettner by eleven years, and built his first model, mounted on a car, in 1912, while a high-school boy in Hungary. In the last four years the public-utility companies realized the potentialities of his rotors and made it possible for him to proceed, first on an experimental and then on a commercial scale.

"Back of this New Jersey experiment lies exhaustive research. Laboratory investigations made it possible to determine the most efficient type of wind plant. The rotors are of duraluminum—a light alloy much used in the construction of aircraft. A kind of electric safety-valve prevents overloading. The current is picked up by trolleys or contact shoes and fed into the transmission system of a regular steam- or water-power plant. Madaras and his associates have no intention of dispensing with fuel or with falling water. If the wind drops below six miles an hour, the associated steam or hydraulic plant is driven at full load. On the other hand, fuel or water is saved if the wind is higher than six miles an hour.

"In the light of Madaras's ingenious invention it is not difficult to speculate on the future. The wind of an arid country that will respond to irrigation becomes an economic asset as if it were a waterfall. In the few periods of calm that may prevail a wind-power company will buy electric energy from a steam central station—exactly what the hydraulic-power companies now do when rivers run dry and water in reservoirs stands low.

"The whole country may yet be covered with concentric circles of rotors interconnected with steam and hydraulic stations. The work of Madaras seems to open a new period in the utilization of electric energy."

What Ozone Can and Can Not Do

IGNORANT TALK ABOUT OZONE has resulted in a good deal of skepticism about its alleged virtues.

The word is commonly used by many persons to mean simply "fresh air," as when they talk of "breathing in the life-giving ozone" of a cold, bright winter morning.

Yet ozone is a well-known, perfectly definite modification of oxygen, and its value as an antiseptic appears undoubted. Says *The British Medical Journal* (London), in an editorial:

"Ozone, that variant of oxygen which appears in traces over the sea or in the air of the open country, and which has lately been surmised by meteorologists to exist in the high atmosphere in sufficient amount to affect the temperature of its limiting layers, possesses a strong oxidizing action, in virtue of which it attacks metallic silver, and may, given suitable conditions, inhibit or destroy bacteria.

"The facility with which it can be formed from air by means of the silent electric discharge has made it available in workable quantities to industry and hygiene, and its practical uses in these fields have recently been set forth in an interesting article by Dr. L. Hugounenq.

"Ozone, he says, is a potent agent in the vulcanization of rubber, and it is of value for the bleaching of textiles. Since it spares yeast, and at the same time acts vigorously against the germs which impair the qualities of beer, it has been employed with advantage in brewing. It is of service, too, in the maturation of odorous essences and in the preparation of drying oils. In the practise of hygiene ozone has been turned to account for its germicidal properties. It is claimed that treatment with ozonized sea water disinfects oysters and other shell-fish exposed to bacterial contamination without weakening their vitality or damaging their taste; and that ozone, when applied to perishable foodstuffs, saves their market value intact and leaves in the food no trace of material foreign to the tissues of consumers, differing in this from some other preservatives.

"The use of ozone in the purification of drinking water was first commended as a result of experiments carried out in Holland on the water of the Old Rhine. In France, to-day, water supplies are ozonized in many communities, as well as in Monte Carlo, and many schools and private houses. Sir A. C. Houston in 1931 applied ozone to the metropolitan water at Barn Elms, obtaining results which he describes as bacteriologically perfect.

"Altho the method has hitherto been little used in Britain, we may acquiesce in our author's encomium of water ozonization in France, but when he applauds in the same cordial terms the use of ozone for the purification of air, we can not but feel that the analogy is forced and confidence in such a procedure ill founded. He speaks of rotary ozonizers for supplying ozone-charged air to habitations, and describes an appliance of this kind as of service 'wherever it is necessary to purify a vitiated atmosphere, as in sick-rooms or crowded factories.'

"But ozone, however effective in water, has shown itself a reluctant germicide under dry conditions. It takes some thirteen parts of ozone per million of air to affect bacteria; but one part per million causes respiratory discomfort to man, lowers his oxygen intake, produces headache and depression, and may even lead to coma. Thus a concentration which would damage bacteria in the air of a room would be more than ten times stronger than could be borne by the human occupants.

"In any event, there would appear to be no occasion to call in the resources of chemical science in order to purify air when the air of a sick-room can be speedily changed by the simple act of opening a window, and when the ills of crowded workshops can be remedied by reducing the aggregation of people or by driving fresh air in from the outside. Ozone, however, is clearly useful inasmuch as it succeeds in the wet, altho, like gaseous disinfectants as a class, it is apt to fail in the dry. When we praise ozone as a sterilizing agent, we must at the same time recognize the limitations to which it is undoubtedly subject."

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Fewer Accidents With Professional Drivers

IT PROBABLY WILL COME as something of a shock to the average motor-car operator to learn that this superiority complex which he professes to see and finds so irritating in the professional driver is not altogether without a sound foundation, writes William Ullman, in a press release issued by his Feature Service (Washington).

The most recent comparative study of the two classes of operators, professional and amateur, by the National Safety Council, shows that the former has a better accident record. It is figured on a proportionate basis, so the private-car owner is denied refuge in the defense that his group so far outnumbers the other as to make a less favorable accident showing inevitable. We read:

"Here are the figures, with a big challenge in them: Private passenger-vehicles participating in fatal mishaps have increased 50 per cent. in the last four years. The number of trucks decreased 6 per cent. in the same interval. Fatal accidents involving taxicabs declined 35 per cent., despite a large increase in registration of such vehicles, and bus-accident deaths declined 12 per cent.

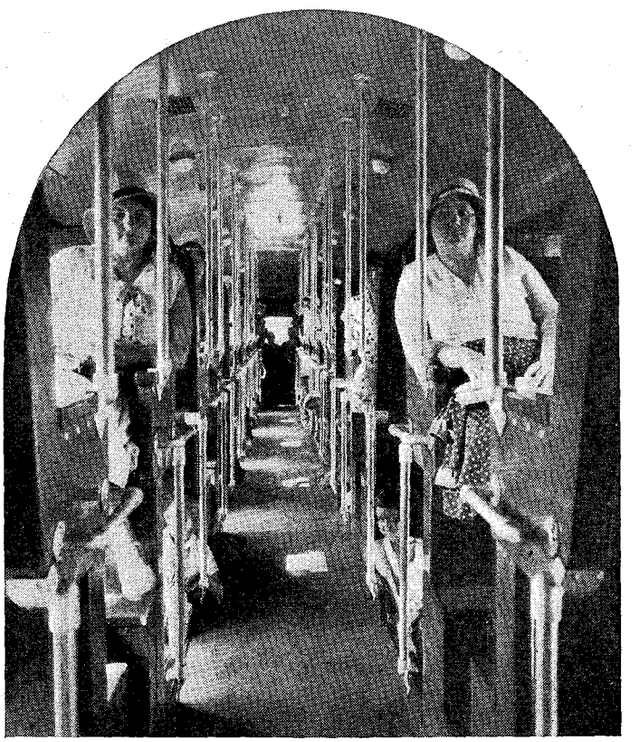
"So the four big groups of professional drivers improved their records, despite the fact that their ranks increased at a rate more rapid than those of the private-vehicle operator. What is the explanation? An effort to find out reveals that many reasons are advanced by different authorities.

"The strongest one appears to be the rigorous control which is exercised over the driving habits of so many professionally employed. Large motor-vehicle fleet operators give strict supervision to those who manage to pass the ever-harder tests which stand between any applicant and a professional driving job.

"The direct and tangible premium of retaining his job is the reward of safe driving in the case of the professional. He realizes that good driving means everything to him. He has been warned that carelessness will not be tolerated; that any exhibition of it, whether or not it results in an accident, will mean the loss of his job. Accidents cost his employer money, and the employer is out to prevent them. The latter's first step is to demand constant concentration upon the task of driving safely.

"Now, so far as the private-vehicle operator—the amateur driver—is concerned, he is his own employer. He is not subject to the same constant supervision and restrictions as the professional operator.

"In consequence, he is prone to overlook the fact that motor-vehicle operation is a function that requires everlasting vigilance as well as a high degree of intelligence. That is why he has an increasing number of mishaps as compared with a decline for drivers within the professional group."



Keystone-Underwood

A New Double-Tier Railroad Coach

Lights Lure Bugs Away

INSECTS bothered Prof. H. W. Matlack of Grinnell College, Iowa. He has a broad, comfortable, screened porch, with subdued lights, where it is very pleasant to sit on warm summer nights. But insects leaked into it in the innumerable ways insects can find, attracted by the lights.

Professor Matlack gave considerable thought to the matter, and at last had a flash of inspiration. Like many strokes of genius, his solution was exceedingly simple, says a mail report of Science Service (Washington). We read:

"Under the eaves of his porch, outside the screen, he fitted one bright light, much brighter than any of the shaded lamps on the porch itself. Immediately all the insects on the porch turned their backs on the subdued lights and went straight for the bright bulb. The littlest ones went out through the meshes as they had come in, and danced around the light, drunk with the strong radiation. The larger ones crowded crawling on the screen as near as tney could get to it. No more insects invaded the porch, since the strongest attraction was now outside it."

Two-Story Railroad Cars

A NEW TYPE OF railroad coach, double-decked in interior design and capable of carrying forty-four more passengers than the ones hitherto in use, has just been put into service.

The new coach is the first one of its kind ever built and the only one yet to be completed in the shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Altoona, Pennsylvania. It will be used purely as an experimental venture in an effort to determine the practicability of replacing all the cars in service with the new kind. Says the New York *Times:*

"If the tests prove successful the car is expected to be a long stride in the restoration of profits to commutation and short-distance railroading, for it will provide the means of carrying more passengers with fewer trains and a lessened consumption of power, since the new car weighs less than those now used.

"The coaches, which may be replaced, have a capacity of seventy-six passengers, while the new ones will seat 120.

"'The most notable feature of the design,' an official announcement says, 'is that the car is constructed with two tiers of seats at different levels.

"'The limitation of clearance and height in a railroad car make it impossible to construct double-decked coaches of the type ordinarily employed in motor-buses, which have two entirely separate floors. Hence, in designing these cars, a new plan of locating the seats has been adopted.'

"The cars have a center aisle, as in the cars now used. On each side of this aisle seats are constructed facing forward, each seat roomy enough for two persons. The arrangement, thus far, is like that of railroad cars now in use. The departure from accustomed arrangement lies in the fact that the seats are made in two levels. The floor-board of the lower tier of seats is fourteen inches below the aisle, so that the seats are almost flush with the aisle floor. Passengers will descend one step to the lower tier seats.

"The floor-board of the upper tier seats is above the central aisle.

"Passengers mount two steps to the higher seats. These are not directly above the lower seats, but staggered, one lower tier pair of seats being succeeded by an upper tier pair as the passenger walks down the car.

"The sunken seats in the lower tier permit the upper-tier seats to overhang, with still enough space for head room of passengers. Windows are so placed that each seat, upper and lower, has its window."

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Devotee of Old Music

YEARS AGO, IN THE FIRST DECADE of this century, a tall, lean gentleman, with a black, touseled mane, appeared in concerts in America and played on old, forgotten instruments.

He was Arnold Dolmetsch, and was accompanied by two ladies, one his wife, who together produced faint sounds from such quaint instruments as the clarichord, viol, lute, dulcimer, whose very names had retreated into poetry.

The music rendered began with Mozart, but retreated backward into forgotten centuries.

But Mr. Dolmetsch has been persistent in his passion for the old masters, and in recent years has given a summer festival at his home in Haslemere, England, to which ardent pilgrims journey. And there they hear not only old music, but music played on instruments that are made in Dolmetsch's workshop, for only the museums hold specimens of these outmoded instruments.

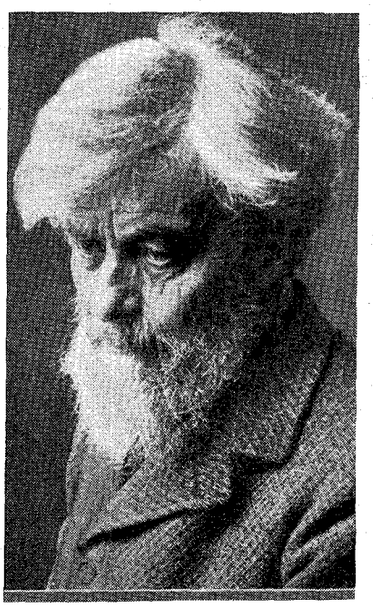
In the New York *Times*, Mr. F. Bonavia gives us this picture:

"Mr. Dolmetsch works and dreams in a world of his own where no echo is ever heard of the workshop and the market-place, where no rumor reaches of the quests and anxieties of his fellow men.

"He is on intimate terms with Purcell, Corelli, Bach, Veracini, and other composers of the past; he is familiar with musicians like Diego Pisador, Forqueray, Albinoni, and Martin Pearson, who are but names to most of us. He has probably never heard of Richard Strauss or Schönberg.

"He has also converted to his creed and imparted some of his knowledge to a small number of earnest disciples and to the members of his family, every one of whom is an expert performer on two or more instruments. His son Rudolph surpasses him in skill on the harpsichord; his second son, Carl, is the acknowledged master of the recorder. Mrs. Dolmetsch and the younger daughter will handle anything from a violone to a small violin. The eldest daughter, Cecilie, takes her share in instrumental performances; more often she appears as the singer of the company.

"Her voice is thin, awkwardly placed, and as 'white' as that of a very young boy. But with all its shortcomings, her performance fits in the scheme somehow; it is a token of the superiority of the spiritual over the material, of the fact that the music is the thing, and not the skill (or the vanity) of an interpreter; of the great difficulties which had to be overcome before this festival of ancient music could become a reality."



Wide World photograph

Arnold Dolmetsch

Who stops with Mozart.

WITH our ideas of the great orchestra in mind, where even the more familiar compositions of the old masters, like Bach, are given with a tonal splendor that might frighten their creator; with jazz as the popular musical food, what, asks Mr. Bonavia, is the "peculiar fascination of the old music"?

"It is certainly not that of modern art. The stress and ardor of a post-romantic world are unknown to it. The Italians tend toward dramatic expression, and some of the dance music moves to rhythms that make the pulses beat faster. But, on the whole, how remote it all is from the present, how peaceful and heart-easing!

"It seems to us simple and natural, like some ancient, walled garden where blooms have grown in tranquil security to please many and to enchant the few; a retreat to be sought from time to time, if not a world where we would choose to live, since, whether we like it or not, we are the children of our time and must follow where it leads us."

Even the music one knows well, Mr. Bonavia maintains, "acquires new character and color when it is performed on the instrument for which it was written:

"The modern interpreter in singing or playing Bach can not shed at one stroke all that he has learned and all that he has inherited. The pianist who accompanies has Chopin and Beethoven in his blood; the orchestral players who take part in the performance have been taught to enhance the eloquence of a Tschaikovsky, to raise Wagnerian passion to the heights.

"Naturally and inevitably they seek in the old music points of contact and resemblance with the music on which they have been bred; and if such points indubitably exist, they are much rarer than most people believe.

"The very instruments betray and mislead us. The power of a modern pianoforte, the resources of the modern organ, the excessive vibrato of present-day violinists can not be laid aside so easily, and the number of performers who in playing the most common music of the past discriminate sharply between that which good taste allows and that which natural inclinations suggest is exceedingly small."

"Clipping" Words

IF THE STAGE REFLECTS the spoken English of its time, Britain is suffering from a queer lapse of clear speech.

English actors, and especially actresses, are sometimes taken in hand by dramatic critics, the latest protester being Alan Parsons, dramatic critic of *The Daily Mail*.

Protest, he declares, has been "simmering within" him for a long time, but he has restrained himself because it seemed "such an increasingly hopeless business."

Miss Edith Evans, whose beautiful diction was heard on our stage for a brief week in the unfortunate play dealing with the life of Florence Nightingale, gives Mr. Parsons his cue. Holding the English public at present in a play called "Evensong," which Beverley Nichols and Edward Knoblock have constructed around—it is said—the career of the late Nellie Melba, Miss Evans was set talking on the subject of stage elocution, and one remark of hers gives Mr. Parsons his lead:

"'When I get hold of a beautiful word, I like to hug it, to speak it caressingly,' she said, 'but people are *a little inclined* nowadays to clip their words. . . .'

"A little inclined! Oh, save the mark! A little inclined! The italics are, indeed, mine.

"Why, it is my solemn belief that the greatest peril which is insidiously undermining the acting of potential young stars is their heartless, continual, calculated, pitiless murdering of the English language.

"Strangely enough, actresses are far worse offenders than actors, and I would almost limit it to young actresses.

"There is one young actress in particular. She is gifted and beautiful, and was recently unanimously picked out by all the critics for her acting in a tiny part. After that she instantaneously became a leading lady, and we all hailed the arrival of a new star.

"I saw her act again the other night. She was acting beautifully, but it might have been a foreign language she was speaking. Indeed, it certainly was not English.

"It is the poor, miserable vowels that suffer most. The vowel *i* inevitably becomes transformed into an *a*. A simple word like 'quite' will emerge as 'quate' or still further flattened into 'quayte.'

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"The vowel *o* has an even harder time. If you saw as many plays as I do, you would realize that for some strange and unaccountable reason the hero is almost invariably called Tony.

"We had such a play the other day, and the whole cast, men and women, addrest the hero as Töny, with two fat German dots over the melancholy *o*. One would have thought it a far more difficult word to say than Tony, but apparently it is not.

"And the simple negative 'No'—what transformations, what eclipses the little word achieves! It becomes a trisyllable, plastered with German dots as thick as seeds on a cake.

"The 'ou' sound, as in 'You,' becomes ü—but enough of cataloging such horrors! I would only add that the word 'real' is neither written nor pronounced as 'reel,' and that the simple word 'were' is not and can never be 'wur.'

"One does not ask, or even think it desirable, that English should always be spoken with meticulously perfect accuracy, tho I am thankful to say that there are many players, especially of the older generation, who realize that the English language, thus spoken, can be the loveliest instrument in the world.

"A touch of individuality, or of 'accent,' is often most attractive, and, as a born Cockney myself, I do not even kick against an occasional flavoring in that direction.

"Miss Evans herself has the most personal and individual voice, and it is enormous fun to hear her 'hugging' her favorite words. I have no wish to see her, as she says, 'a reformed character,' and I hope she will not attempt it. It would be all wrong. She is so instinctive an actress that she knows well enough when she can let her vocal mannerisms have full play, and when she should rein them in. She has in any case never been guilty of 'clipping.'"

Wide World photograph

The Dolmetsch Group, Who Make and Play the Old Instruments

What Is a "Torch Singer"?

"A PASSIONATE and maudlin lyric of slow tempo delivered with emotional gurglings." Such is the definition of the Helena (Mont.) *Independent*.

No one had told how it might be produced till Libby Holman's plight as a figure in a sensational murder case added to her fame as a torch singer.

It is said that after an operation her throat was found adapted to the peculiar mechanics of this type of song.

In effect, continues *The Independent*, these songs move an audience "as the jerryale dances along the river Nambucco or the hoochie-koochie of the old Midway. They try to make the blood tingle and cause people to feel real sexy and naughty."

"Like so many other interesting and descriptive terms, the name 'torch singer' originated in the cabarets of Harlem. Helen Morgan was probably the first who carried the ditty and its singing style to public consciousness. She has had many successors, but most of them were failures, and perhaps Libby would never have attracted attention if she had missed having the operation on her throat.

"This torch stuff is just three times as hot as crooning and six times as warm as mammy songs. When a throaty, lugubrious voice with gurgling quaverings makes a melancholy outcry as tho the heart was breaking and the nerves giving away, that's torch singing."

The Scrub-Woman's Music

PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED for the best manuscripts on "The Spirit of the Stadium Concerts."

These concerts are given each summer in the Lewisohn Stadium, New York, by the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, and cover a period approximating ten weeks.

The second prize was this year awarded to a scrub-woman, and between her appraisal of music and that of a Harvard professor the New York *Times* draws some interesting comparisons:

"Professor Surette, lecturer on music at Harvard, would be especially pleased by a New York scrub-woman's confirmation of his rather rhapsodic account, in his book on 'Music and Life,' of the magic effect of the symphony.

"As you listen to it, he wrote, 'you have lived a thousand lives . . . each moment being a complete existence.'

"The 'poor old woman cleaner,' as she described herself, who won second prize in the contest for the best manuscripts, describes the effect more concretely and personally.

"She had a sense of shame as she stood in line 'with all those young people to listen to the same music.' But she has been doing it 'just the same' for the last five years. When, however, the concert begins with the first faint sounds of the violin, she forgets all her years of sorrow and struggle and her seamed face and red, rough fingers:

"'It brings me back into childhood, the large estate in my native land where we children roamed and played, unaware of the tragedies our future kept for us in storage. My youth, with its dreams of unusual things; then the years of crude reality. The births and deaths of my children.

"'As the concert goes on, I see my little Emma like an aspen tree in her white confirmation dress; my tall, agile Fred, so stately and proud in his soldier's uniform. We play, we sing together, we go to parks, museums. Oh! How happy we are with one another.' At the end of the Stadium concert the children say to the scrub-woman: 'We must leave you now, but do not worry, we'll return next Sunday.' So she adds: 'It is on Sundays only at the Stadium that I am once more young, happy, and weep with sorrow and joy.'

"The first-prize man in the contest had more high-sounding phrases, but they give like testimony to these nightly symphony concerts with the audience 'blending in perfect counterpoint' and the 'constellations overhead.' For him 'the soul-wearing complexities of civilization are transformed into soul-joy and universal soul-consciousness.'

"But the scrub-woman's tribute will be better understood."

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Stories of a "Restless Eagle"

NOT A STORMY PETREL but a restless eagle. So Burns Mantle sums up the qualities of Wilton Lackaye, the actor who will always be remembered for his creation of Du Maurier's *Svengali*.

"His sharp tongue and set opinions happily made him more friends than enemies, because his caustic remarks were usually capped with humor."

The stage of this generation knew but little of Lackaye, who died August 22. Five years ago he played in George Tyler's revival of "Trelawney of the Wells," and, says Mr. Mantle, he had a moment or two of triumph exchanging smart lines with the late Minnie Maddern Fiske in "Ladies of the Jury."

His real triumphs were of another day:

"He played many parts competently and often brilliantly, but his one outstanding success as the *Svengali* of A. M. Palmer's production of 'Trilby' so far overshadowed the others in public interest that to the end of time he will be remembered as the unkempt hypnotist of the Du Maurier drama.

"When actors and stage enthusiasts gather, particularly when actors gather in the Lambs' Club, the Lackaye reminiscences will be mostly concerned with his witticisms. Following in the tradition of Maurice Barrymore, Lackaye was the first wit of his day among the players.

"His humor was a cut above current wisecracking. It was he who, in flouting the idea that an actor must experience the emotions that he portrays, remarked that if a man were to go too much into the slums he would naturally become base, whereas if he went too much into society he would become soprano.

"It was Lackaye who answered the inquiry as to whether or not he could find a producer for 'Les Miserables' by snapping back that he could not even find one who could pronounce it.

"On one occasion he moved away from a man who sat down uncertainly beside him in a subway train. The man grew peevish.

"'I'm just as good as you are,' he sneered.

"'I'm sure you are,' answered Wilton, edging still further away, 'but you're not as clean.'

"One summer he brought back from his vacation the report that he had asked an upstate landlady if she had any special terms for actors, and she replied that she had, but was too much of a lady to use them.

"He was shopping with his wife when she asked a milliner the price of a hat. It was $30. Later Mrs. Lackaye sent for the head of the department and asked again. It was $35.

"'Some one,' muttered Lackaye, under his breath; 'some one was absent from rehearsal.'

"The actors like to tell of the time he was trying to capitalize on his *Svengali* success by playing another hypnotist in a piece called 'Dr. Belgraff.' Business was terrible.

"One evening, with few people in the audience, the villain of the piece entered and spoke the line: 'Are we alone?'

"'Yes,' replied Lackaye, looking out over the auditorium, 'practically alone.'

"The actor had been ill for many months. His immediate passing was ascribed to a heart ailment. Born in Loudoun County, Virginia, sixty-nine years ago, he had first intended to study for the priesthood.

"Just before starting for Rome, he took to the stage, became well known as an amateur actor in Washington, and went first into the company of Lawrence Barrett. For some years he supported Fanny Davenport, and thereafter played in many of the successful plays produced from season to season."

Lackaye as "Dr. Belgraff"

Once playing to an almost empty house, the villain entered saying, "Are we alone?" The star speaking extraterritorially, answered, "Practically alone."

THE list of his recorded witticisms must be a long one, since the New York *Herald Tribune* has its quota without trenching on Mr. Mantle's:

"Altho a man of great amiability, Mr. Lackaye was feared by his fellow actors for his sharp tongue. On May 11, 1924, the late Henry E. Dixey, who was playing in the same show with Lackaye in Worcester, Massachusetts, went to a local newspaper and poured out his troubles. He could stand it no longer, he said, and therefore challenged Lackaye to a ten-round boxing bout on the stage of the theater in which they were playing. The proceeds were to be donated to the New York Milk Fund or any other worthy charity. Mr. Dixey posted $100 forfeit money with the newspaper.

"Mr. Lackaye was informed by a reporter of the challenge and the forfeit money.

"'Humph,' said the challenged, 'thousands of Mr. Dixey's friends in New York will be delighted to hear that he has $100.'

"'Well, are you going to accept the challenge?' asked the reporter.

"'Young man, do you know the code duello?' was the answer. 'No? Well, when you get back to the office and look it up, you'll find that the challenged party has the choice of weapons. Therefore, I, as the challenged party in this affair, choose an unabridged dictionary. Mr. Dixey's weapon shall be a copy of his memoirs recently published. Tell him that I accept on those terms.'

"The terms were never accepted.

"'I suppose no man would like to be bludgeoned to death with his own book,' Lackaye explained afterward.

"On a mantelpiece in his apartment Mr. Lackaye kept a brown-stained bust. The head was that of a middle-aged man with his mouth wide open in a grimace of the utmost disdain. The nose was puckered up as tho at an unpleasant odor.

"'I call it "The Spirit of the Lambs," he used to explain. 'It's an actor watching the performance of a brother actor and saying: "What I could do with a part like that!"'

"Once Mr. Lackaye met the dramatic critic of *The Police Gazette*, shortly after one of his openings.

"'Hello, Wilton,' said the critic, 'did you see what I wrote about your performance in *The Police Gazette* this week?'

"'No, I didn't,' was the answer. 'I shave myself.'

"Altho a lifelong enemy of the reformers who wanted to establish a censorship of the stage, whom he used to refer to as 'a few calcium-seeking clergymen in a bellow,' Mr. Lackaye frequently chided his fellow actors for their lack of reverence toward so serious a matter as a clean stage."

In the "Conning Tower" of the New York *Herald Tribune*, we read this:

"The obituary stories of the late Wilton Lackaye failed to mention what seemed to us his greatest single performance. On the afternoon of the Iroquois Theater fire and panic, Lackaye was playing the part of *Curtis Jadwin* in 'The Pit,' at the Garrick Theater, only about a block away from the Iroquois. Lackaye and the Garrick Theater management—Charles A. Bird and Samuel P. Gerson—were the only ones that knew about the fire.

"So, during the intermission between the second and third acts, Lackaye made a curtain speech, full of charm and wit, and so long that by the time he had finished the curtain was ready to rise on the third act, no single member of the audience having left the Garrick."

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A Great Artist—Rin-Tin-Tin

"WHAT AN ARTIST DIES WITH ME!" said Nero.

And the phrase is applied to Rin-Tin-Tin by no less than the London *Times*.

"He was so clever," says that paper, "that he may have known Nero's famous remark—'*Qualis artifex pereo*'—and have thought of it as his eyes closed in his last sleep."

It is further remarked that "the veteran died, as many a good artist has wished to die, while actually at work."

But one thing is certain—

"He did not speak his last dying words, as the more self-conscious but possibly less artistic first user of them did. Rin-Tin-Tin was not a great talker. He was not of the kind that talks big about being an artist, and claims exemption on that plea from the ordinary obligations of decent behavior.

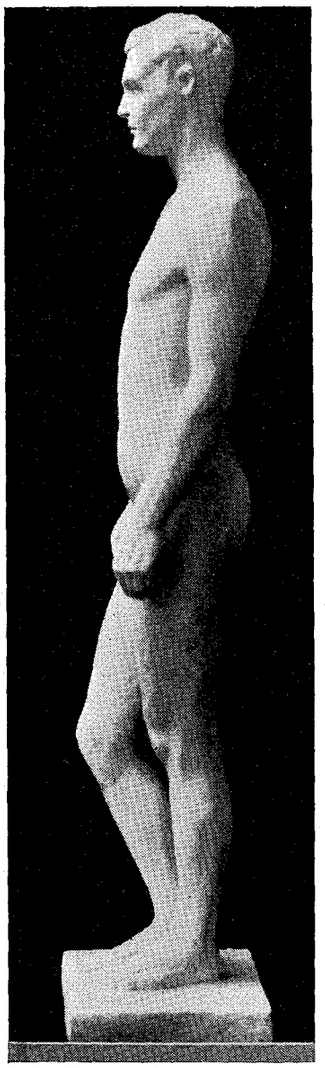
"It has not yet been stated whether he was or was not a church-goer, like the dogs which our correspondence columns show have faced persecution at the harsh hands and tongs and so forth of parson and clerk; but he had all the old, simple virtues.

"He did his work with the best of his very remarkable ability, and with no fuss. Had he to kill a gigantic vulture on the edge of a cliff, he killed it. Had he to jump terrifically upon the shoulders of the villain, he jumped. Had he to appear heartbroken at an injustice, heartbroken he appeared.

"And all this is a noble silence—not only in private life, where he never showed off, never talked to the press about his love-affairs, and never lent his name to advertise a cigaret or a face cream; but also in the practise of his art.

"And the expressiveness of the dumb animal was such that many who saw without hearing him must have wished that all film-stars were as dumb as he.

"That wish is not likely to be fulfilled, altho it is said that the 'talkies' are yielding back a little ground to the silent films, and that Rin-Tin-Tin's son and successor in the profession will have fair opportunities of following in father's footsteps. But if this passing of a great figure could be marked by revivals of some of the films in which he was seen at his best, those who had seen them before would be as glad to see them again, as those who have never seen them would be glad to see them for the first time."



New York *Post* photograph

No Adonis He

But the sublimation of 100,000 American youths.

RIN-TIN-TIN was an Alsatian police dog, and was fourteen years old. At the time he was acting in a film called "The Pride of the Legion," and Mr. John Loder, the British star who acted opposite him in "Man Hunter" gives this account of the dog in the London *Evening Standard:*

"Lee Duncan, who was an Air Force officer during the Great War, found two Alsatian puppies in a German dugout after the attack on Metz. He named them Rin-Tin-Tin and Nénette.

"He brought them back to Los Angeles and showed them in a dog show. A newsreel film was taken of them, and Rin-Tin-Tin looked so handsome on the screen that Lee had the idea of putting him into films. He went to one of the Warner Brothers and persuaded him to let the dog have a trial.

"Lee lived in a house on the Santa Monica Boulevard with his wife, from whom he later was divorced."

"Rin-Tin-Tin, who was in court during the hearing of the case, might almost be said to have appeared as corespondent, for Mrs. Duncan told the court that her husband cared for no one but the dog.

"She got her decree."

No Adonises Among Us

THE GREEKS WOULD HAVE the laugh on us.

Praxiteles would leave his "Hermes" unfinished if he looked for models here.

In the American Museum of Natural History, New York, stands a figure of the "Average American," flat of chest, round of shoulder, and protuberant of paunch; and he is the sublimation of 100,000 Americans who returned from the World War.

This is the story as given in the New York *Evening Post* in an imaginary monolog with the hero of the old Rollo books resurrected as a listener:

"This flat-chested young gentleman with round shoulders and incipient paunch, Rollo, is your papa at the time of his return from the war.

"The war was a great thing, Rollo, because it gave scientific gentlemen a chance to measure 100,000—no, you can't count 'em—soldiers.

"No, it isn't a statue of papa, really, Rollo. It is a statue of the average of the 100,000—a sort of composite of all the young men who became papas of all the Rollos.

"What did you say, Rollo? What good is it? Oh, Rollo! Haven't you heard of science?

"Well, anyway, Rollo, that's the way your papa looked, under that great O. D. uniform which made brothers of the cab driver and the banker's son. His shoulders were rounded from sitting at a desk. His tummy was beginning to expand from eating rather more food than a man of sedentary occupation requires.

"A sedentary occupation, Rollo, is the pursuit of a living with pen and telephone.

"Science, Rollo, has perceived that shoulder-blades which slope like these go with intellectuality. Intellectuality, Rollo, is what you have too much of, and if you have any more questions, go up to the Museum of Natural History, where the statue has just been placed, and ask somebody else.

"Will you get to bed?"

"What has happened to the lusty Americano of whom Whitman sang?" asks the Baltimore *Evening Sun*.

"Civilization, so the eugenists say, has caught him and gobbled him up. No Adonis was ever raised on office work."

The Cover

PERCIVAL LEONARD ROSSEAU, the artist of the cover, now residing at Grassy Hill, Lyme, Connecticut, was born in Point Coupee Parish, Louisiana, September 21, 1859. He was a pupil of Lefebvre, Hermon Leon, and Robert-Fleury in Paris.

Mr. Rosseau is a member of the Lyme Art Association and the Lotos Club, and was awarded a medal and Honorable Mention in the Paris Salon between the years of 1900 and 1906.

Lovers of dogs will value this cover, and be interested in the following personal details of the artist:

"Mr. Rosseau spends his summers at Lyme, Connecticut, a popular art colony. He has large kennels there as well as in Overhill, Harnett County, North Carolina, where he goes for the winter.

"Owners of famous dogs quite frequently send their champions to Mr. Rosseau, who takes care of them as tho they were his own, while doing their portraits. His paintings are well known to sportsmen of the hunting fraternity, and he is known as the leading painter of dogs in this country."

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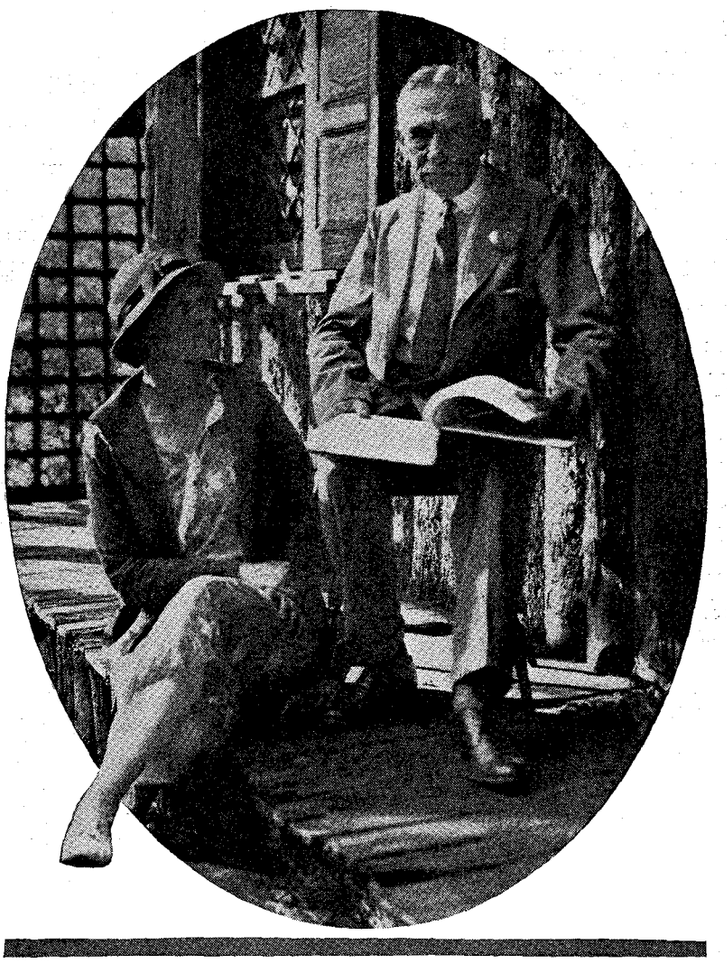
Eugenics As the Cure for All the Race's Ills

LOVE, IT IS SUGGESTED, may laugh at eugenic yardsticks as it has always laughed at locksmiths.

And the result, as high-minded eugenists see it, may continue to fill the jails and asylums and thin-clad ranks of the poor. Indeed, Major Leonard Darwin, son of the grand old man of evolution, warns that our Western civilization is doomed to decay unless eugenic reforms are adopted within the next hundred years. This was his solemn message to the general assembly of the Third International Congress of Eugenics, in New York. It is seconded by Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, noted American scientist, who holds, with other distinguished colleagues, that eugenics can be the solvent of all our ills.

"Prisons, reformatories, asylums, great public financial offerings, great national and local appropriations, great tides of human kindness and generosity are merely palliatives and temporary expedients," he says in an address read for him to the scientists gathered from many parts of the world. "They may for a time gloss over the cataclysm; they can not permanently cure it or avoid its recurrence."

The only permanent remedy, he declares, is "the improvement and uplift of the character of the human race through prolonged and intelligent and humane birth selection aided by humane birth control."



Wide World

Birth Selection the Only Means to Improve the Race

Says Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, shown here with his daughter, Mrs. Jay Coogan, at his summer home. The photograph was taken on the seventy-fifth birthday of the famous American scientist.

BUT birth control as it is practised and advocated to-day, Dr. Osborn says, is a two-edged sword, eliminating alike the fittest and the unfittest. "Whatever its benefits in limiting the unfittest," he says, "birth control is always in danger still more of limiting the fittest, and thus becoming positively dysgenic or against the interests of the race as a whole in which it is practised."

Other addresses agree with Dr. Osborn's main thesis, and it was made plain to women that in the opinion of some of these scientists the raising of a family is still her chief and noblest duty, and that mainly upon her depends the future of the race. She has a function in the scheme of things which can not be delegated.

Eugenics, as Dr. Osborn sees it, is the only remedy for the tremendous problems resulting from the multiplication of the unfit, overpopulation, overproduction, and the tragedy of unemployment.

"Birth selection, as distinguished from birth control," he says, as he is quoted in the New York *Times*, "is known as 'positive eugenics,' of which eugenically administered birth control should be only a subsidiary 'negative' principle. As conceived by Galton it is a positive force in the uplifting of society by improving human quality as distinguished from human quantity."

For control of the birth-rate among the millions who are described as a dragnet to progress, Dr. Osborn says, "some radicals propose that they should all be sterilized so as to inhibit the multiplication of their kind. This would be the negative or birth-control method of birth selection."

The famous scientist's doubts about the present propaganda and purpose of the birth-control movement are that they are "so largely negative and death-dealing rather than positive and birth-encouraging." In fact, he goes on:

"On eugenic as well as on evolutionary lines, I am strongly opposed to many directions which the birth-control movement is taking, chiefly because I believe them to be fundamentally unnatural, and hence destined sooner or later to fail of their original more or less benevolent purposes.

"The birth-control propagandists claim to be benefactors of womankind whose great object is to relieve women of unnecessary suffering and unnecessary burdens. The attempt to relieve womankind of what may be termed the prehistoric and historic burden of the female of the species naturally enlists the sympathy both of the individualists of our time, who are ready to support any measure to give women greater freedom of profession and of action, as well as of the sentimentalists, who do not realize that women's share in the hard struggle for the existence of the race is a very essential element in the advance of womankind.

"The relief of the struggle for existence pressure from any animal or plant organism is an extremely dangerous experiment, for it may be said without exaggeration that the struggle for existence is the *sine qua non* of every great human or animal quality.

"Campbell recalls the fact that 'The continuance of the race and the quality of the race rest primarily with women. In short, women are more essential to racial survival than men. . . . In any woman who possesses valuable traits which she has inherited, and which she can pass on to offspring, the disposition to evade this obligation is a manifest racial delinquency. In order that those who are racially minded might more often be saved from what they would later regret as a major error in their

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lives, it is highly desirable that all intelligent individuals, particularly women, should understand these and other simple biological facts as early as the period of adolescence.'"

It has always required a cataclysm to force a natural law upon the attention of man, says Dr. Osborn. "So in this world cataclysm of overpopulation, of overmultiplication of the unfit and unintelligent, of the reign of terror of the criminal, of the tragedy of unemployment, eugenics ceases to be the cult of the few pioneers like Galton and Leonard Darwin; it is forced on our attention. Once more man is humbled because he is suffering from prolonged ignorance or actual defiance of and transgression of the most central and fundamental of all natural laws."

Sterilization of the unfit is advocated by Sir Bernard Mallet of London and in discussing this Dr. E. S. Gosney of Pasadena said that a recent estimate from Germany was that at least 100,000 women are sterilized there in private practise each year, and it seems likely that the number sterilized in private practise in the United States is greater.

Keystone-Underwood

Eugenic Reform or Doom

Major Leonard Darwin, son of Charles Darwin, warns that Western civilization will decay unless birth selection is begun in a hundred years.

THE declining birth-rate in so many parts of the world, in the opinion of Dr. Jan Sanders of Rotterdam, is not so much a biological as it is a moral and cultural phenomenon. He points out that woman has an inescapable obligation. In the first place, he maintains, she must again be won over to the idea of the large family:

"We must get rid of the idea of feminism in its old form, according to which woman should be man's equal in every respect, professionally, politically, and as regards salary.

"The theory of this so-called equality of the sexes is absolutely incorrect, not only physiologically and biologically but also socially and politically. Woman is indeed man's equivalent, but they each have their own particular task to perform in the world. The woman's main duty always has been and always will be the family. The university woman must know, understand, and feel that marriage and children represent, after all is said and done, the highest ideal."

But the achievement of the eugenists' ultimate goal is impossible under the capitalistic system of economics, in which the profit motive predominates, maintains Prof. H. J. Muller, of the University of Texas. His paper is reported to have stirred much interest among his audience of scientists.

The profit motive, declares Professor Muller, works out in devious ways that are contradictory to the welfare of the race as a whole, despite the fact that some of our modern philosophies, in a defense reaction, try "to rationalize the two ends into harmony."

Because of the heavy burden of the cradle, economic considerations rather than genetic worth, he says, must in the main govern human reproduction so far as it is voluntary at all, "and eugenics must remain an idle dream." What is needed, Professor Muller holds, is not subsidies, but a society so organized as to assure every one economic plenty, which "presupposes public ownership of the means of production. Only then can there be a eugenics worthy of the name."

Science, asserts Dr. Muller, does not support apologists who justify the present economic system on the ground that the economically dominant classes and races are genetically superior. And virtue, he maintains, may be as potential in the slum as on the avenue. He holds society, not the individual, responsible for the evil effects of slum life, and says:

"The apologists defend their position with the argument that in the social struggle the better rise to the top.

"If we assume that inborn differences do play some rôle, the question is, what rôle? Are the characteristics which now lead men to rise, economically, those which are the most desirable, from a social point of view?

"The 'respectable' captain of industry, military leader, or politician, and the successful gangster are psychologically not so far apart. The high-minded, the scrupulous, the idealistic, the generous, and those who are too intelligent to confine their interests to their personal success, these are apt to be left behind in the present-day battle."

WHICH brings us to great difficulties the eugenist must ponder. Man may improve the strain of the fruit-fly and the race-horse. He has a different and a more difficult task in improving his own. To the layman, says the Albany *Evening News*, it appears almost impossible to achieve what the eugenists seek. "The mating of man and woman," it says, "will go on as it ever has. The time when we shall choose our mates according to eugenics is far distant, indeed far in the stratosphere of our world. From time immemorial we have fallen in love and have married, not by any plan of mankind, not because we have assayed our prospective mates or found them physically and mentally suited, but because we do. It is all beyond our ken, and the race probably never will get away from that. This is not to disparage the goal, for *The Evening News* concedes that "many of mankind's troubles would end if we bred only the fit."

But many a hard-headed citizen will refuse to trail along with the eugenists, says the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, "until they convince him that if they had been in existence a century and a quarter ago and able to enforce their theories for better regulation of marriage, they would not have robbed the world of Abraham Lincoln's valuable services."

The Wearing of the Cross

IS it just a meaningless concession to fashion that Protestant girls are wearing the cross?

Or is it an unashamed and unafraid confession of Christian faith that leads them to adopt the symbol of their religion as an adornment?

Looking around at the many girls and women of its church who are wearing a cross as a pendant or as some other means of feminine decoration, *The American Lutheran* inclines to the latter view, and says "it is a wholesome and refreshing sign when the girls and women of our churches openly wear for all to see the precious symbol of their faith." So, says this journal:

"When, in these days of cynical worldliness and godless scoffing, we see a young Protestant girl wearing a cross, we feel like shaking her hand in congratulation and commendation.

"We like her nerve. She is usually a clear-eyed, wholesome youngster with a glint of determination in her eyes and an upward tilt to her chin. She is, thank God, representative of a vast host of glorious American girls growing up in our churches.

"May her display of the symbol of her faith be not a passing fad but a permanent institution."

But no such open avowal is made by men. They show "a

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shamefaced reluctance to have their religious connections publicized. This fear of becoming conspicuous among their fellow Christians seems to be an almost general male failing." However,

"It was broken down somewhat by the happy idea of the proponents of the Lutheran Hour to give out tiny crosses to the constituents of their radio audience. Thousands of these little gold crosses appeared on the lapels of men's coats, and are still being worn. The practise of such adornment deserves to be encouraged and developed into a permanent custom. There is no reason why the wearing of a gold cross as a watch-charm should be confined to the clergy."

Materialism on the Campus

IT HAS HAPPENED more than once, probably, that a mother has placed a $10 bill between the leaves of her boy's Bible when she packed him off to college and found it intact when he came home with a degree in his hand.

He not only had not opened his gift Bible, but in the process of completing his education he had lost sight of God and all understanding of religion. He had been taught how to make a living, but not how to live.

Our readers will recall the story of Philip E. Wentworth, appearing in these pages July 2. He went to Harvard with the idea of entering the ministry, and came out an apostate.

The fault in such cases, as Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell sees it, lies in the general attitude toward religion and in the universities.

"Our generation," he writes in *The Atlantic Monthly*, from which we quoted Mr. Wentworth's article, "ignores religion as far as possible, because to do so enables men and women to avoid interference with impulses engendered by cupidity. Contemporary civilization is largely built upon the basic idea that the world may become any man's oyster. It is the zeitgeist which impels our students to a profound reverence for acquisitiveness."

IN short, religion does not pay, and had better be ignored. To this attitude the universities, says Dr. Bell, who is professor of religion at Columbia University and Warden of St. Stephen's College, make a passive and profitable surrender.

The degradation of university ideals does not, however, fully explain the religious indifference of undergraduates, continues Dr. Bell. For—

"Sometimes it is those very students who are most in revolt against the current immorality, off campus and on (that ethics which defines the good life in terms of possessions and pleasure), who are least concerned with spiritual experience. They know what they hate and despise, but they are not aware that religion is as rebellious as they. It is not too much to venture a guess that one thing which is wrong is that American universities fail to inform their students about the nature of the spiritual enterprise.

"Many of them have no faculties of theology at all; and where such faculties do exist they are commonly isolated from undergraduate teaching and from vital contact with colleagues in other fields of knowledge. It has come to pass that theology is looked upon as a professional subject. Nothing could be more unfortunate for balanced thought.

"Religion is as basic a discipline as science, and as reputable intellectually. Yet it is possible for a student in almost any of our leading universities to read for his primary degree, and his advanced degrees, without gaining even a suspicion of that fact.

"The mystical side of experience and its contribution to an understanding of the universe are not commonly regarded by American universities as necessary fields of undergraduate study. Religion has next to no place in their curricula, or in their other official activities. . . .

"It is a too common custom in American universities to expend millions on brick and mortar while, in matters vitally important, in their bearing upon education, faculty action lags behind common need and student demand."

IT is hardly reasonable, therefore, says Dr. Bell, to expect that students should know much of anything about religion. He attributes part of the neglect of this great segment of knowledge to the example of the State-supported institutions, which are compelled by law to eliminate from official consideration any serious study of the spiritual life. But it is also caused, he says, by a feeling on the part of those who direct our educational policies that religion is a non-intellectual and relatively unimportant activity of the human race. And as this educator sees it:

"Such a position, in the light of human history, is more than a little absurd.

"The search for God has always been one of man's chief concerns. The race has known that there were some things which it could find out only by scientific observation, others discoverable only by creative activity, and still others—and these the deepest and most subtle—to be mastered only by that seeking of ultimate Reality in personal terms which is religion.

"To ignore any of these basic human disciplines is dangerous, but to ignore religion is apt to be the most harmful of all. The cultivation of science without religion will always become pregnant with the sort of cynicism which once brought Greek thinking to a despairing close, from which the reintroduction of religion alone revived it. It is this very sort of cynicism which increasingly characterizes the intellectual life of the twentieth century.

"For the health of human thought, religious experience needs consideration by our universities."

And Behold It Was Very Good

By Bertha Gerneaux Woods

["*I have been spending blissful hours over the microscope lately, and these little verses grew out of them.*"]

THEY surely all are folded in
  God's loving "It is good"—
The little silver snail that crawls
  Upon decaying wood;

The microscopic wood-ants, and
  The dot-sized spiders red
One only sees by kneeling, and
  With patient, bended head;

The world beneath a sunken stone,
  Of busy, creeping things,
The twisting larvæ waiting, for
  Their time of shining wings;

The forest in an inch of moss,
  A whole bright flower-bed
In one small gold-disked daisy or
  A crimson clover-head!

This "world in little!"—Oh, dear Lord,
  Here, in the green, hushed wood,
We hear thy whisper once again—
  That "It is very good!"

—*The Congregationalist* (*Boston*).

The Sunday-School Growing

ANY fear that the latest output of the crib and cot is shying away from the Sunday-school is dissipated by the latest figures. For, according to *The Church Advocate* (Churches of God):

"At the recent World's Sunday-school Convention in Rio de Janeiro, reports from 113 countries showed 'a gain throughout the world of 2,294,366 during the quadrennium. By far the largest gains in percentage were in Central America (47.1 per cent.) and in South America (33.3 per cent.). Europe was the only section that showed a decrease (8.7 per cent.), while North America, where the numerical gain exceeded that throughout the world by over half a million, had a percentage increase of 14.3.'"

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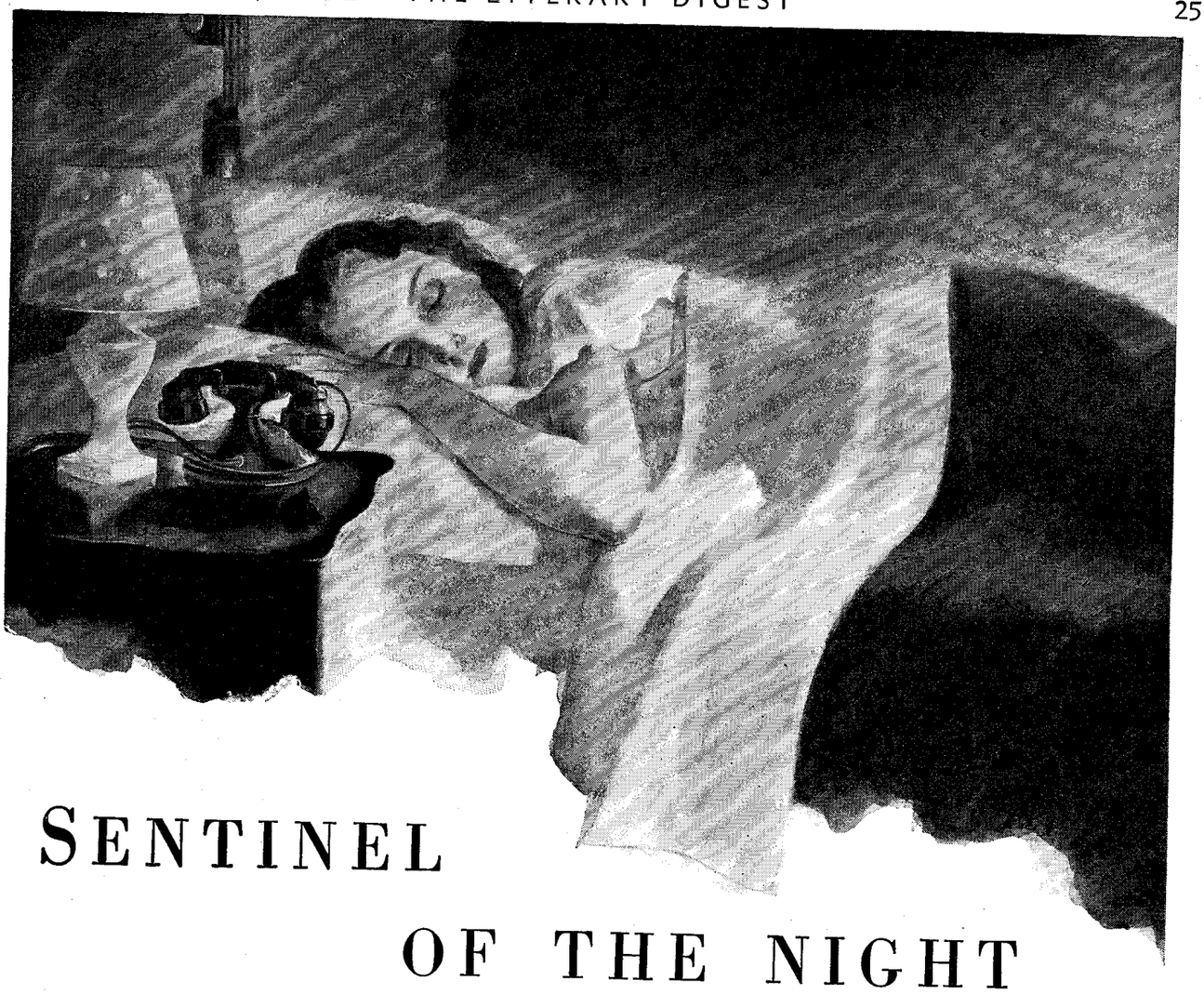

SENTINEL OF THE NIGHT

DEEP NIGHT . . . before the first grey streaks of dawn silver the eastern sky. On a table beside the bed rests a little black instrument . . . silent, unobtrusive, seemingly inert there in the stillness. It is the *telephone*, sentinel of the night.

Ready to call a policeman at the first unexplained sound . . . ready to summon the fire department at the first ominous whiff of smoke . . . primed to rouse a physician, a nurse, or a neighbor when illness intrudes. For the wired world is at the other end, waiting for your outstretched hand and your plea: "Come quickly!" Sentinel duty, of course, is a small part of the manifold service your telephone renders. The incidents of every-day store orders, of friendly chats; the joy and comfort of familiar voices as though from across the room; these, too, make the telephone a valued member of the family.

Behind your telephone is the nation-wide organization of trained minds and hands whose ideal is to serve you in a manner as nearly perfect as is humanly possible. Seven hundred thousand stockholders—men and women like yourself—have invested their money in this system of the people and for the people.

The telephone is a vital link in the chain of modern living. It gives much in convenience and safety. It offers a wide range of usefulness. It serves you day and night.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Bang Goes the Brown Derby on the Editor's Desk

THE "HAPPY WARRIOR" NOW ARMS himself with a new weapon—one that wise men have pronounced mightier than the sword.

Pass a fresh ink-pot, then, to Editor Alfred Emanuel Smith. Let him have a blue pencil, too, a paste-pot, and a green eye-shade at which to tilt his cigar.

"In obtaining Mr. Smith as its editor-in-chief, *The New Outlook* carries on a succession of distinguished names which extends back through Lyman Abbott and Theodore Roosevelt to its founding in 1869 under the editorship of Henry Ward Beecher," remarks the New York *World-Telegram* in presenting a piece of news which is calling forth lively comment in the press of the whole country.

"We welcome former Governor Smith to the editorial profession," says the New York *Herald Tribune.* "His long experience in public life has equipped him to discuss political and governmental matters with authority. As a speaker, of course, he is internationally famous, but as a writer he is not so well known. What flows from his pen, therefore, will excite curiosity as well as interest."

It seems to the Springfield *Republican* that Mr. Smith has "much more than gifts of vivid expression to make his adventure as a magazine editor of national interest."

Wide World

Editor Smith

With characteristic candor [adds *The Republican*] he again insists that he has not been a reader of books, having separately studied each special problem as it has come before him. But as the problems have multiplied through the days of his service in the New York Legislature, the State constitutional convention, and the governorship, he has developed a political, social, and economic philosophy of his own.

No argument should be needed to convince the fair-minded that the invitation to become the editor of *The New Outlook* was not to Mr. Smith just an added source of income and of continued public appearances, but an opportunity, such as Bryan established for himself in *The Commoner* and La Follette in the periodical which bore his name, to give his philosophy expression, circulation, and influence. The adventure should be worth watching from many angles.

RETURNING to *The World-Telegram*'s account of the former Governor's metamorphosis into a magazine editor, we learn that the news, "denied several times," was announced at the offices of the publication. Reading on:

The Outlook, after having been changed from a weekly to a monthly last spring and then having suspended altogether, was bought on June 30 by Frank A. Tichenor, bidding against Funk & Wagnalls, who contemplated its absorption into THE LITERARY DIGEST.

The managing editor will be Francis D. Walton, former aviation editor of *The Herald Tribune*, who resigned from that position a week ago.

It is expected Mr. Smith will be far more than a nominal editor, and that he will write both editorial comment and general articles, as well as influencing policy.

Here attention is drawn to the dynasty of Beecher-Abbott-Roosevelt-Smith in *Outlook* history, and we are reminded that *The Independent*, which was combined with *The Outlook* four years ago, was established in 1848 as an antislavery organ, and that always:

The two papers conceived it their position to be outspoken interpreters of the news, not mere reporters, and this they did at various times from such widely different angles as abolition, liberal Protestantism, and Progressive Republicanism.

Mr. Smith's journalistic writings have been syndicated throughout the country. He also is the author of an autobiography, "Up to Now," published in 1929, and of the speeches and papers contained in the volume entitled "Progressive Democracy."

NOW a breath of Dick Whittington romance comes into the story, and in fancy we hear soft strains of "The Sidewalks of New York," as we read that Alfred Emanuel Smith's first adventure with printer's ink came more than forty years ago, when, as related in his autobiography, he sold papers after school around Beekman, Fulton, and South Streets. His reunion with printer's ink in an editorial capacity is recounted in the New York *Times*, with some of his own observations on the subject, thus:

"I feel," he said, in a prepared statement which he issued on taking his seat behind his editorial desk for the first time yesterday afternoon, "that I will have another means of discussing the complicated and pressing problems of the present time."

He resisted at first all attempts to find out if he would make speeches for Franklin D. Roosevelt or take any part in the Presidential campaign as a Democratic partizan. "Outside the magazine and loose and away from it," he said, "I can do anything I want to do.

"It should be perfectly plain to any one," he said at last, when the assembled press continued the inquiry, "that I am stepping out of my political character entirely. I am not bringing politics into *The New Outlook*. The magazine has no political complexion any more than the Empire State Building where I am president. We are going to talk about everybody and everything, and tell what we like and what we don't.

"I've always wanted to do something like this," said Mr. Smith, "but never had the time. The last twenty months I have been writing for the McNaught Syndicate of newspapers and I took a great deal of interest in the correspondence I got. The letters I received got me thinking I was doing a worth-while thing without much labor. In years gone by I had to do it by word of mouth and traveling around. Now I have only to talk to a stenographer, who gets it down and types it out for me; and I revise it and it gets the effect.

"Of course," he added, with a grin and emphasizing his favored pronunciation of the word, "I still like the raddio."

ON the wall behind Mr. Smith's new desk, looking down over his right shoulder, was a portrait of Henry Ward Beecher, we are told, while over his left shoulder was a portrait of Theodore Roosevelt, who came to the editorial board of *The Outlook* from the Presidency of the United States in 1909. Finally:

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On the door in neat gold letters was the name Alfred E. Smith—nothing else. Repeatedly during the discussion, with a glow of pride, Mr. Smith spoke of himself as "the editor of this magazine."

He said he intended to give the readers "the new outlook on current affairs," and that it might even include fiction.

"How would you define the new outlook?" he was asked.

"I'm going to write that myself," he said.

A FRANK effort to learn the nature of Mr. Smith's literary tastes elicited a frank response, *The Herald Tribune* tells us. "What books did he read? Who were his favorite authors? What sort of magazines did he browse in?" Well, listen:

"I don't read books," he said. "Everybody knows that for a fact, and now that I've become an editor I don't want to change my position and pose as a heavy reader. I listen. I learn that way. As for magazines I read only articles that I'm interested in; I don't read magazines in a general sort of way."

"How about newspapers?"

"I read newspapers plenty," he said.

Many editors throughout the country voice a sly suggestion that Editor Smith would delight a large constituency if he would pen his views on the Democratic Presidential ticket. The Republican *Herald Tribune* plays adroitly on that note:

Granted the joy he gets from self-expression, it seems fair enough to speculate on aspects of the political situation which may have made the offer to edit *The New Outlook* particularly attractive at this time. That he does not believe Governor Roosevelt eminently qualified for the Presidency is no secret; that he looks upon the Roosevelt alliance with William Randolph Hearst and William Gibbs McAdoo as boding no good for the nation in case of a Democratic victory is known to his friends. Yet, as a Democrat who desires to maintain his regularity in view of possible return to leadership in the party, it has become difficult to withstand the pressure for active participation in the Roosevelt campaign.

AND so on, leading up to this finale:

Removed from personal politics, as he may be, the editorial forum will keep him before the public as a leader of thought. Particularly does he emphasize the opportunity for giving free expression to "the ideas and policies of the leaders of world opinion." Could it be possible that in 1936 the Democrats, looking for a man to win the Presidency, might turn to the editor of such a publication?

The Kansas City *Star* finds it "difficult to imagine the brown derby hanging in the sanctum once occupied by the venerable Lyman Abbott, whose long white beard inevitably suggested one of the major prophets," but "Al Smith ought to prove an interesting editor, and all good wishes will go with him in his new venture."

Vigorous thinking and vigorous writing are expected from the new editor by the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch*, which adds:

There will be no such reworded platitudes from him as filled the daily feature for which former President Coolidge was paid fancy prices.

First Thing in the Morning...

Away with Depression!

drink a

Sal Hepatica "Cocktail"!

A 7 A. M. depression hasn't a chance when a Sal Hepatica "cocktail" bubbles into view! When you wake up with a "head"—when you feel sour and sunk and foggy—step right into the bathroom and toss two or three teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica into a big glass of cool water. Then—drink down the sparkling mixture!

The orange juice cocktail—the tomato juice cocktail—splendid. But before breakfast, get outside America's great *saline* cocktail, and you'll get a two-fisted start on a new day!

Sal Hepatica is no ordinary "laxative." It's a finely blended *saline*. It offers the same benefits as do the health springs at the famous European spas—Wiesbaden, Aix, Vichy, where the titled and wealthy of two continents journey each year to renew their health and vitality. Sal Hepatica does the same thing for you—right in your own home.

Sal Hepatica cleanses wastes and poisons from your digestive tract within half an hour. Even more important, it rids your system—even your blood stream—of poisons.

And Sal Hepatica is the logical treatment not only for sick headache and acid stomach and constipation—but it gets at the causes of colds, is recommended for rheumatism, and clears up skin blemishes.

Today—get a bottle of Sal Hepatica. Tomorrow morning, mix yourself a saline cocktail, and watch your spirits go up! You'll look better and you'll feel like a new man!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's *30¢, 60¢ and $1.20*

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Dept. P-92, 71 West St., New York
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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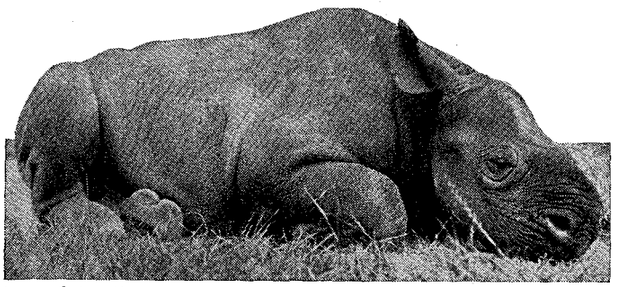
Rash Lioness, to Claw a Rhino's Baby

A FEROCIOUS ROAR halted the white man and the native.

Out of the African jungle it came, and from right ahead of them, rising to a high-pitched snarl, followed by the squeal of an enraged rhino.

A moment more, and there sounded a heavy thud.



Keystone-Underwood

Mother's Treasure Must Not Be Disturbed

Then up from behind the thick brush swirled a cloud of dust, while the snarls grew fiercer.

Warily, but quickly, the white man and the native prest forward to see what kind of wild-beast drama was being enacted twenty paces within the bush. They made for two leafless trees. Hardly had they climbed them when the growls rose to a roar, and, in answer to the sound that was part grunt, part squeal, came a sharper squeal, then once more the thud of a heavy blow.

This is what they saw: a rhinoceros cow, with a big lion and a lioness glaring at her savagely from a distance of not more than five paces. In a perfect transport of rage, the rhino rooted the ground with her horn. On the ground behind her lay a baby rhino. It tried to rise, but had already been too badly hurt.

The white man—W. S. Chadwick, who writes in *Outdoor Life*—tells us that the maternal rhino, which he refers to throughout as the "cow," backed cautiously beside her calf. Then:

With a quick side sweep of her head she hurled the calf behind her, beneath the shelter of the close-growing bush. Only for a brief instant was her head turned away, but in that split second the big lion sprang, and landed on her shoulders. As her head swung back in a vain attempt to dislodge the lion, the lioness passed her on the other side in a limping rush, and made for the calf behind her.

It looked as if the calf was doomed.

Then the cow did an amazing thing. I have often thought since, that surely the maternal instinct had sharpened her usually dull wits.

As the lioness came alongside, and in the instant her striking paw rose to sheathe its talons in the youngster, the cow deliberately dropt on her stomach, and with the lion still on her shoulders rolled clean over on top of the lioness.

The same movement dislodged the lion, who fell clear.

The lioness's head jerked back from the calf and bit savagely at the ponderous quarters which pinned her to earth. As her teeth sank into the tough hide, the cow jumped to her feet almost as quickly as the lion.

He came again with a rush, but this time the cow's lowered head met him squarely, and altho he twisted aside to avoid it, her horn caught him behind the shoulder and opened a long wound from shoulder to flank. But for that catlike twist she must have disemboweled him.

With a roar of pain and anger he struck once only, leaving the bloody trail of his claws on the gallant cow's neck, then bounded out of reach and turned to watch her from about ten paces off. Without pause the cow turned to the lioness beside her—who was struggling desperately but vainly to rise—lowered her head, and with a mighty heave hurled the yellow form high into the air. It fell a few yards away and lay gasping painfully, the fight gone out of it, a great hole in the stomach where the cow's horn had entered.

The cow had won definitely and decisively, but her gallant fight had failed to save her calf. Before we arrived, one of the lions must have succeeded in mauling it severely. The cow's well-meant roughness had done it no good, and the lioness's final assault had sealed its fate. It lay now with closed eyes, breathing but faintly, and evidently "all in."

THE lion was still standing a few paces beyond the all-but-dead lioness. Taking careful aim, Chadwick brought him down; whereupon the cow made off headlong into the bush. As she went, Chadwick noted that her thick hide had been ripped open in a number of places, but he tells us:

I do not think she was vitally injured, and I hope she survived. Her gallant victory surely entitled her to live!

Another shot finished the practically dead lioness, and then we descended the tree in the last of the sun-rays. The little calf was already dead, and several punctures from leonine fangs and deep claw wounds in the soft skin showed the reason for its decease. But this was no guaranty that the cow would not return and treat us as the enemies. It was too late to skin the dead lions, so we made for camp with only the memory of an epic battle as a trophy.

Next morning we found the hyenas had been busy. The calf was entirely eaten, and the lion hides so torn as to be valueless.

I am of the opinion that those lions had met the cow and calf when unusually hungry, and had braved the cow's anger to secure the calf. It is seldom they will take such chances, and the issue in this case proves their prudence and wisdom. The lion, also, was so severely injured that if I had not shot him he would still have been incapacitated for hunting for some time. A hungry lion and lioness are formidable foes even for a rhino cow, especially when the latter is handicapped with the care of a calf, and altho the bulls are always doughty fighters, I had not known until then that the cows could display such courage and such intelligence. How savagely the bulls can fight when a mate is the prize, I once learned in a district bordering the Quando River.

On that occasion, too, it was by ear that Chadwick was warned that something was up. About an hour after sunset, with the moon at the full, he heard grunts and clashes of horns from the deeper jungle, and down the path came two lumbering

Keystone-Underwood

A Cross-Word Puzzle for the Hungriest Lion

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shapes, one following the other. The story runs on:

I was just thinking that either would be as worthy of a shot as any I was likely to get, when two other forms came up the path from the water. These must either have gone down by some other route, or before I took position. I at once recognized them as a well-grown bull and a young cow, and was certain they had not passed me.

The two big fellows from the forest saw the strangers—and the latter saw them at about the same time—and all four halted simultaneously. Then the leading bull from the forest advanced slowly toward the pair from the water. He arrived within a few paces when the bull with the cow—a much smaller animal—gave a vicious snort, and charged. He was met by an equally determined rush by the big bull, who by his stance seemed to anticipate his reception. With the shock of collision came the clash of the thrusting horns, and squeals of rage from both combatants. Charge after charge was made, first one and then the other going down under the shock of impact. As the fight progressed, blood began to flow freely from both.

HERE was the second bull's chance to trot up to the cow, who had seemed only mildly interested in the fight. As he reached her, she forgot it completely, devoting all her attention to him. Feminine fickleness! As Mr. Chadwick recounts:

After a few moments this new suitor started tentatively back toward the forest—apparently forgetting his desire for water—and it seemed to me that she was on the verge of following. Then her first companion went down before the charge of his heavier opponent, and stayed down, and at once his conqueror dashed at his former companion, and a second battle began.

For five minutes the fight raged with furious vigor without seeming advantage to either. Then the exertions he had already made began to tell on the first of the big bulls.

Giving way before a determining assault, he stumbled over the prostrate form of his first antagonist, and before he could recover the horn of his former companion entered his side behind the shoulder. He went down almost on top of the bull he had defeated, and had no sooner staggered weakly to his feet than his opponent rushed him again. He tried to avoid the impact, but was too slow, and the terrible horn entered the junction of neck and shoulder. He fell in a heap and lay breathing stertorously.

What would have happened then, I did not wait to see. With a shot behind the shoulder I brought down the aggressor, and the cow bolted for the forest.

I found the first and younger bull to be ripped open all down one side, and whether he could have recovered is doubtful. His conqueror scarcely needed my shot to end his miseries. The first thrust had entered a lung, the second had punctured the jugular apparently. Quarrelsome as these beasts usually are, I was astonished at the havoc wreaked in that combat for a mate.

"Where Your Treasure Is, There Will Your Heart Be Also."—"Anybody hurt in the wreck?"

"One gentleman, I believe."

"Bones broken?"

"I think it was his heart. He sat down by a leaking suit-case and shed tears."—*Montreal Star.*

Would you *pay* $4,000 to let your son *make* $72,000 more?

IT IS hard to imagine a father saying "no" to that proposition, yet many a man fails to make it possible for his son to reap this profit.

Seventy-two Thousand Dollars is what one authority figures a college graduate earns in his life-time over and above what the average non-college man earns.

You can make sure that your son will have this great advantage whether or not you live to see him reach college age.

* * *

$4,000 is a fair estimate of the cost of a college education. Under the Equitable plan, the money becomes available just when needed.

The Equitable has worked out a college education insurance plan that guarantees the funds for your child's education, whether you live or not. Your first premium payment gives you that assurance. It is largely a matter of starting early on this "insured" college fund program. And it is appropriate for either a son or a daughter.

The whole story of this low cost, attractive, positive plan is yours for the asking.

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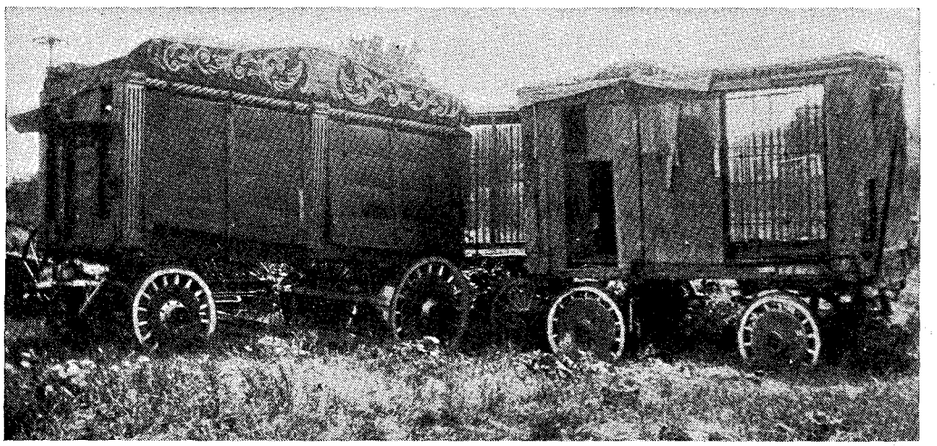
Where Circuses Go When They Die

CARVED AND GILDED BAND-WAGONS, now tarnished and crippled, tilting absurdly among the weeds.

Ornate cages on wheels, once florid in crimson and gold, peopled by tawny tigers and shaggy lions, but now flaked and weather-beaten, with prairie grass pushing up between the worm-eaten boards.



Many a Boy Ran After These When the Paint and Gilt Were Fresh

Calliopes—ye gods!—flaunting steam calliopes that once hooted the overture of "Poet and Peasant" with shrieks loud enough to drown the factory whistles of a township—now cold and dismantled, perhaps nevermore to glow with the throb of steam or to thrill country lads with their ear-piercing version of the pipes of Pan.

These are some of the souvenirs to be found by the score in the port of missing circuses.

SOME call it the circus bone-yard. It has been brought into prominence by the recent death of its founder.

In studying your tourist guide for information on the high spots of rural Missouri, you will find almost every point worthy of a visit well covered, writes P. M. McClintock in a NEA Service feature copyrighted by *Every Week Magazine*, "except possibly the most interesting place in the grand old 'Show Me' State, the late W. P. Hall's Circus Farm, where ill-fated circuses end their days in utter desolation.

"This unique farm is located on the northern boundary of the quiet little village of Lancaster, in Schuyler County, some 200 miles north and slightly west of St. Louis. Lancaster, surrounded by undulating prairie land, is a country town of less than a thousand, and has little to boast of within the village limits—but the circus farm is certainly something to show off, even to the most blasé of city dwellers.

"Here is written the final chapter of many a 'Grand, glittering, gorgeous' show."

Enlarging on the "gold-leaved chariots" and the "sunburst wheels," Mr. McClintock declares that the initial cost of those ceremonial vehicles designed to knock Main Street in both eyes, "would make the most luxurious motor-cars appear cheap in comparison."

Is it the age of motor traction, by the way, which has sent those imperial equipages to pine in the port of missing circuses? In the days of their glory they were superbly horse-drawn.

Many of the horses are still to be found on the "circus farm." Yes, and other circus animals, too. As we read:

Strewn along the western edge of the farm are dozens of weather-beaten red circus vans or baggage wagons, with titles of erstwhile well-known circuses traceable on their warped sides. A lone polar bear weaves tirelessly back and forth within the confines of a huge tarnished, golden animal cage, oddly labeled "Hippopotamus."

Two long, rambling, frame barns house the pick of the parade equipment—heavily carved tableaus depicting life in the various nations of the globe—Russia, Great Britain, and the most elaborate of all, "America," star-spangled in red, white, blue, and 22-carat gold-leaf.

These relics of a bygone era repose in splendid isolation, carefully covered with fleece-lined canvas tarpaulins, stenciled "Parade Tableau—America," etc.

Old showmen claim that the circus misses the parade as much as the disappointed public, according to the daily receipts of the ticket wagons. Some day some strong-hearted circus man will come along and, discarding present-day customs, will take these beautiful chariots, and the kids of all ages will be made happy again, on circus day, with a parade on Main Street.

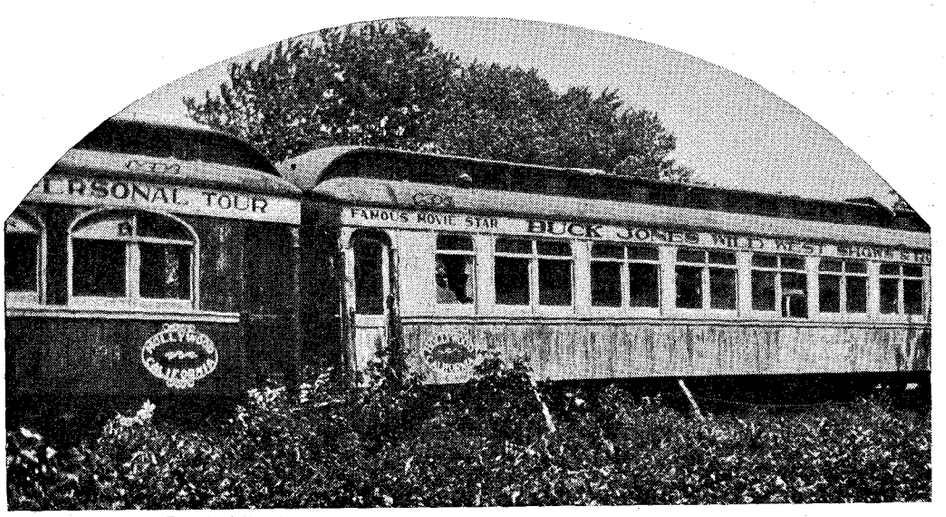
AND the calliope! As Mr. McClintock exclaims:

The calliope is beloved of all circus men. One astute circus manager insisted upon reviving the steam calliope this season, despite the fact that his show has not paraded for years. It gives daily concerts and lures many to the show grounds, which, after all, is the main function of the parade.

Returning to the last resting-place of so many brave circuses, we learn that—

Motorists driving along the highway flanking the farm on the west may observe the measured tread of the indolent camel herd, numbering thirteen of the beasts, with the perpetually moving jaws, including four leg-conscious calves.

Thirty elephants of every age and size munch native hay contentedly. They include Major, the first elephant owned by the American Circus Corporation when that chain circus organization owned but a single ten-car show. Major is a handsome



Illustrations by courtesy of *Every Week Magazine*

A Job Lot of Fancy Rolling Stock, Slightly Used

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Real Truth About Tobacco Is Important To Pipe Fans

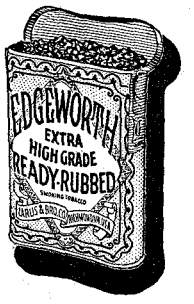
Good Time To Use Hard Common Sense. Real Pipe Pleasure Still Easy To Find. Cost Is Very Low.

Flavor Still the Key

As more and more men turn to pipe smoking as a part of their new economy program, there is a rising demand for the plain facts on tobacco quality. These are some of the facts:

Smoking tobacco can be bought for a few cents. Or one can pay as high as several dollars for a few ounces of "special mixtures." The difficulty with buying an inferior or low grade brand is that the smoker fails to get the full pleasure to which he is entitled. "Cheap" tobacco, like an unfaithful friend, soon wears out its welcome and leaves behind it a trail of regrets. The costly brand is an economic mistake, too, because it is possible to get the best there is in smoking tobacco at a reasonable price. For example—a better quality of tobacco cannot be had than the top-of-the-market burley that goes into the famous Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. The Edgeworth blend is unlike any other. Smokers like the way it is cut. It is made in two forms—"Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed," all ready for the pipe; and "Edgeworth Plug Slice," which is the favorite with pipe smokers who like to rub up each smoke in the palm of the hand. The fine, smooth quality of the tobacco was put there by nature.

Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco has never been known to bite a man's tongue. Smokers who are not acquainted with Edgeworth will find it in the famous blue tin at any tobacco shop anywhere. All sizes from the 15c pocket tin to the pound humidor package. Some sizes also come in vacuum sealed tins. Or, those who would like to try it before buying may have a neat little package containing both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice by sending name and address to Larus & Bro. Co., 102 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va. No charge of any kind for these sample smokes.



Tune in on the Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia, broadcast over the NBC coast-to-coast Red network every Wednesday evening at 10 o'clock, E.D.S.T. Join the happy country folks at the Virginia crossroads hall and have a good time with them.

beast, as elephants go, with gleaming ivory tusks measuring over seven feet in length.

The elephants are well versed and constantly rehearsed in circus-ring tricks, ready at a moment's notice to "join out." Fraternal circuses, fairs, conventions, celebrations, and regular circuses are supplied with elephants by the farm.

Lions, tigers, "sacred" cattle, and zebras are quartered in barns, heated in winter months and hot enough in summer to cause the huge cats' tongues to hang out as they continue that sad, hopeless pacing of their prison.

Horses, the very life of the circus, are here in a profusion of breeds and shades, Aristocratic Arabian and Persian ring horses, proudly aloof in complete ostracism of the humble baggage Percherons—caste, strong in circus life, evidently extends to the animals, as well defined as between big top performers and side-show people.

The private railroad spur a mile from the main circus farm accommodates nearly forty big circus railroad cars. Some are still gaudily painted and lettered, in excellent repair, while others are sadly dilapidated and beyond usefulness, after years of idleness, exposed to the elements of all seasons.

Seventy-foot steel flats, needing only a coat of vivid orange, and then the road; advertising cars, extravagantly lettered with lurid descriptive phrases, wooden and steel stock cars, including two old-timers with the historic titles, "Gifford Bros. Shows" and "Yankee Robinson Circus," dimly visible through the peeling scales of paint—standing in the same spot for more than a quarter-century.

A DOZEN red-and-green and red-and-white circus sleepers, windows smashed by mischievous schoolboys, stand as mute evidence to travelers of the branch line alongside, that this is Lancaster, the graveyard of ill-starred circuses, we are told. Further:

Hall's entrance into the circus business was just another romance in the annals of the most alluring profession in existence, and strangely, the most hazardous. He had his office in an old advance car of the historic Yankee Robinson Circus. It was supposed to have been a part of Lincoln's funeral train. This old coach, now entirely devoid of paint (yet with a little help one may trace the Yankee Robinson name), is located at the entrance of the farm, and is surmounted by a huge wooden elephant, the Hall trade-mark.

As a boy, Billy Hall worked hard as a farm hand for board and a small wage, always with the determination to own and operate a circus of his own some day. Saving his money he purchased a horse for $11, traded it successfully, and bought still another. In a few years he had acquired quite a reputation as a judge of horseflesh.

Hall's actual induction into the show business came about through the World's Fair in St. Louis in 1903. He had been commissioned by a Chicago firm to supply them with horses, at his own price, so well did they respect his judgment and integrity. However, they failed to limit him as to the number of horses desired, and in a few days Chicago was flooded with his purchases.

This led to the job of handling the horses for the "Boer War Show" at the Fair. Intrigued by the potentialities of the show business, Hall purchased the stranded Lemon Brothers' Circus at Omaha in the fall of 1903, and the next season it went

SPEED BLEND

the NEW fast-working No. 7 DUCO POLISH made by du Pont . . . maker of Duco

YOU restore Duco finish to its original brightness when you remove the Traffic Film that conceals it. Traffic Film is tough and hard to get off—unless you use Speed Blend. Speed Blend whisks it off. *Just a little rubbing*, and there is the showroom shine of Duco, handsome as ever.

Speed Blend is the correct polish for Duco. Du Pont makes both. Send Coupon—Get Sample.

. . .

When your car needs refinishing, insist on genuine Duco.

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Send me a sample of Speed Blend. I enclose 10 cents to help cover packing and postage. (Good only in U. S. and Canada.)

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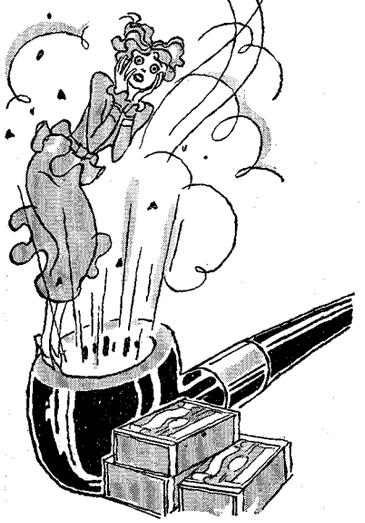
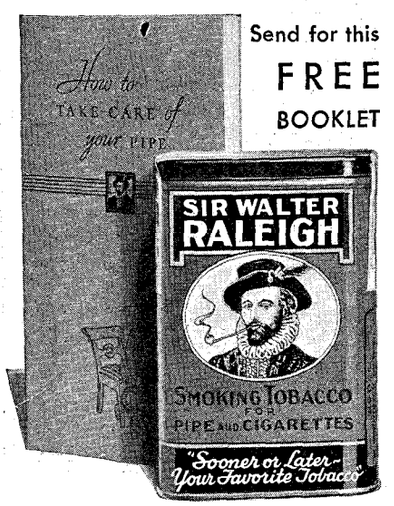
I didn't know it was an active volcano!



SHE thought it was extinct. "Extinct" isn't a bad word, at that, for a smelly old briar smouldering with over-potent tobacco.

Madam, if your husband's pipe reminds you of the crater of Vesuvius on a busy day, remind your husband of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco. There's a mild, non-volcanic mixture of rare Kentucky Burleys. In a well-kept pipe, it will be welcome in any well-kept home. Its full-bodied flavor delights husbands, just as its rich mildness pleases the nostrils of the lady of the house.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. D29


How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO
PIPE and CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later—Your Favorite Tobacco"

Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

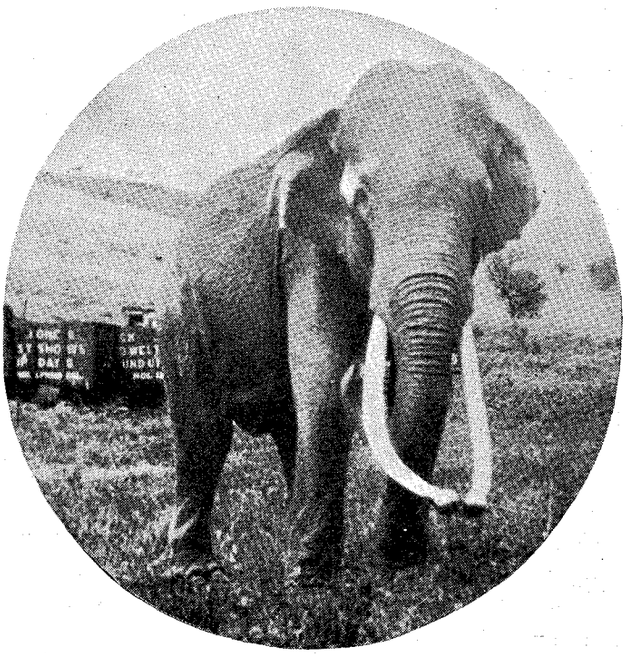
out of Lancaster as the "William P. Hall Circus."

Rain of weeks' duration cut into the profits, and, disappointed with the "take," Hall decided that he had best devote his time to his horses. The next season the show was leased as "Howe's Great London Circus," under another management, and thus came the start of the circus brokerage business.

The "Pan-American Shows" and the equipment of the "Walter L. Main Shows" sans title, were soon stored away in Lancaster, to be sold piecemeal at a handsome profit. This started a regular trail of defunct shows to the bone-yard, Hall's Farm.

Profiting by the experience of other showmen, Hall stayed out of the circus business as far as actual operation was concerned, yet he was able to indulge his hobby by dabbling with show equipment, often buying an entire show, down to the advertising posters, and here and there a leopard or a horse tent. No other man had ever been associated in such a business, yet it paid handsome returns for twenty years or more.

Hall, you might say, capitalized on others' misfortune; yet when bidding for a show, he always tried to be fair, and as a rule gave the unlucky showman more than he could have received from his creditors, or through any other source.



An Experienced Performer Would Like to Sign Up With a New Show

Reindeer for Hungry Eskimos

Three years ago, the Lomen Brothers, Alaska's "reindeer kings," contracted with the Canadian Government to deliver 3,000 reindeer to the mouth of the Mackenzie River in British Columbia, 4,000 miles away, to provide food and clothing for starving Eskimos there.

The contract calls for the payment of $195,000 on delivery of the reindeer.

The herd was started in the fall of 1929 in charge of Andrew Bahr, old reindeer-herder, assisted by four Laplanders and six Eskimos. Bahr has just been heard from the first time in seven months. The herd now numbers 3,400. They have never stopt traveling, even during 70-degrees-below-zero temperature.

Bahr hopes to reach the Mackenzie River on his strange trek by the time winter sets in again, then cross the river on the ice and deliver his reindeer herd some time next winter.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Clinging to Decency.—The door-bell rang and dad answered it.

"Any old clothes to sell or give away?" asked the old man, who had pushed the button.

"Do you think I want to join one of these nudists' colonies?" growled dad as he slammed the door shut.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

How Fall River Takes a Fall Out of Civic H. C. L.

FALL RIVER has neither dog-catcher nor chime-ringer.

Poor, poor Fall River!

But before we shed too many tears over these and other civic deprivations, let us consider the report of Louis M. Lyons in the Boston *Globe* that by such economies the Massachusetts city is saving a million or more a year.

There is a lot of talk these days about economy in government, but Fall River is one of the few places we've heard of that has done something. We pass on its recipe for whatever it may be worth in other localities.

The city has a Board of Finance, Mr. Lyons explains, that has authority from the Legislature to use heroic measures in effecting reduction in government costs.

"Not all its drastic amputations of services would appeal to all cities," says Mr. Lyons.

"But it is at least worth noting," he adds, "that in lopping off upward of $1,000,000 from the budget, the board thought it worth while to pay attention to the little things."

For example, we read in *The Globe:*

The position of dog-catcher was abolished, at a saving of $1,825 a year, and the work undertaken without cost to the city by the Animal Rescue League.

The $300 post of chime-ringer was dispensed with.

The $360 duties of the inspector of slaughtering were taken over by the milk inspector.

The post of caretaker of neglected graves, at $500, was eliminated, and the function assumed by the superintendent of cemeteries.

Membership on the Board of Health was made honorary without honorarium,

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at a saving of $750. Likewise, the Board of Survey began to serve without pay, to save $1,750.

The work of thirty-six assistant assessors in assessing polls was made a police function, at a saving of $3,200.

A three-in-one merger was accomplished by lumping the jobs of city messenger, clerk of committees and secretary to the Mayor.

The secretary got all three jobs and a $600 increase in salary. The city got a $2,600 saving on the salaries.

Another merger, of city treasurer with city collector, cut out one of these two $4,000 posts.

The purchasing agent's $4,800 a year was saved by making the City Manager do his work.

Four jobs, superintendent of buildings, superintendent of streets, chief wire inspector, and city engineer, whose pay totaled $16,700, were made into one $5,500 job. The fact that this was engineered before the board took hold suggests that it is possible without legislative mandate to make such a merger.

The tree warden's work was added to the duties of the park superintendent's, at a saving of $1,500.

By the not too drastic device of advertising for bids, the board reduced the truck hire for city work from $20 a day to $12.50.

Collection of ashes and garbage was reduced from $1,500 a week to $1,000 a week.

The practise which has become common in most private businesses the last two years of "letting the Lord prune the payroll" has been adopted by Fall River. Eleven policemen retired, one resigned, and one died, and their places were not filled. Installation of traffic lights helped the police problem.

Fourteen firemen retired and two died, without replacement, and apparently without serious complaint as to the adequacy of fire protection.

When the librarian, discouraged by the enforced restrictions in his department, got a better job in New Jersey, his place was transferred—but not his salary—to his assistant. Reductions of 48 per cent. in the library salaries were secured by shutting up all the branches.

Library, schools, and playgrounds had to take up most of the slack, "just because they could be cut, and some other things could not," the writer tells us as the account runs on:

One-third of the school budget has been chopped off, and one-fifth of the teaching staff, partly by eliminating kindergartens and raising the school entering age from five and one-half to six, partly by increasing the teacher load. Evening schools have been eliminated. Coaching has been made a labor of love, without pay. Five attendance officers were asked to spread the pay of only four over the whole group.

Probably some of the reduction in educational opportunity in Fall River—counting schools, playgrounds, and libraries together—would only have been suggested by the direst need of bringing bankruptcy to an end.

All municipal salaries were cut 20 per cent. But before that was done, certain salaries were "adjusted." Some of the more political clerkships were thus brought into line with other public-service positions.

Private subscription took care of certain public charges for maternal and child care, through the District Nursing Association. The public welfare work of the Maternity Hospital was transferred to the three private hospitals of the city on recommendation of outside medical experts after a survey of the city's health activities. A special investigator of the Public Welfare Department supervises admission of cases. The free dental clinic, costing $14,000 a year, was closed, and the daily clinic of city physicians was discontinued. The experience that has befallen these social services in Fall River may well stay the tendency in other communities to shift effectively managed social services from private charities to public support.

Americans Not Wanted in the Foreign Legion

One of the world's biggest thrills (if it is such) is going to be closed to adventurous Americans, according to a Marseilles dispatch to the New York *Times*.

France, we are told, doesn't want any boys from the U. S. A. in her Foreign Legion. They are potential causers of trouble, makers of "diplomatic incidents." France remembers the case of Doty, the American, and the world-wide agitation that saved his life and released him from the Legion.

"Enlistment officers are keeping a sharp lookout for Americans, with a distinct eye to weeding out those sons of Uncle Sam who wish to take a fling at that romance in the raw for which the Legion stands in the minds of youth since generations," the account in *The Times* continues. "In recent years the number of Americans who wish to join, has grown 500 per cent." Reading on:

In the heterogeneous crowd of more than one hundred applicants who passed through the concentration camp here this week prior to being transported to the Legion barracks at Oran, were two New York lads, Johnny Leetman and Eric Jorgesen. When you wish to join the Legion, few questions are asked and the replies are never checked. In the words of Jorgesen:

"We had passed the physical examination and taken the oath of allegiance. But then they asked us where we came from. Not knowing anything, we were dumb enough and said New York, which was the truth. Then the guy [the enlistment officer] called us aside and told us we had better look for a job elsewhere. That allegiance oath didn't mean a thing!"

The Legion's policy of the closed door to Americans is believed to have grown out of the case of Doty, the Southerner. While serving in the Legion he was sentenced to death for desertion at the time of the Riff difficulties. American diplomatic intervention saved his life, and finally obtained for him a full pardon and release from the enlistment contract. This incident is thought to have caused the authorities to regard every American as a potential provoker of diplomatic irritation.

One of the last Americans to serve out his time in the celebrated colonial organization was Henry Newman, a Chicago youth. After the five-year enlistment period, he summarized his experience thus: "Soldiering in the Legion is only pick and shovel work nowadays, all dirt and no romance of the 'Beau Geste' kind."

To eyes that are

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Things don't **"JUMP"**

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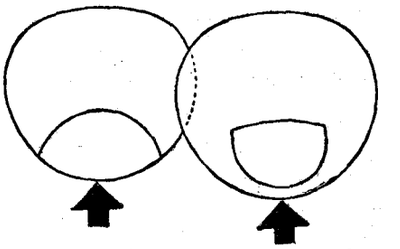
THAT disconcerting blurring or movement of an object just as you reach for it—has been eliminated. You can now enjoy the big help of bifocals without confusion or annoyance.

You can identify the perfected Ful-Vue Bifocal by the shape of the small inset lens, shown below.



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A booklet we have prepared, "What You Should Know About Your Glasses," might help you a lot—and costs nothing. Please use the coupon.

American Optical Company, *Southbridge, Mass.*

American Optical Co.,
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Without charge or obligation, please send me the booklet, "What You Should Know About Your Glasses."

Name_____

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The name of the man who fits my glasses is

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Instead of sowing seed, you plant stolons (chopped grass). In a few weeks you have a luxuriant lawn like the deep pile of a Turkish carpet. With proper care no re-seeding is ever necessary. Free Booklet "Bent Lawns," mailed you on request.

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10 West 33rd Street, Dept. 135J, New York

Gene as a Club Tinker

A DELICATE touch has the world's champion golfer.

Also a keen sense of mechanics. His clubs must suit him to perfection, and he is always tinkering and experimenting.

Is a club the littlest fraction of an ounce too heavy? He rasps it down. Is it too light? He weights it with ever so little lead.

Indeed, "few professionals revamp their clubs as often," we are told. "Give him a new set of irons, and within a few weeks they will bear scant resemblance to the shiny implements that left the factory."

As the grips on his clubs "must be of an exact thickness" to suit "his short but powerful fingers," he changes them often, and Francis J. Powers reports in a copyrighted dispatch to newspapers served by the Consolidated Press Association:

Sarazen for many years used the interlocking grip, but last winter he devised a beveled grip on which the flattened part of the shaft fits firmly into the heel of the hand. This innovation plus the thickness of his ordinary grips enabled him to play with more of an overlap and maintain perfect control of the club at all times. Gene gives this beveled grip much credit for his victories at Prince's and Fresh Meadow. And it has proved a stroke saver for many duffers.

When winning the British Open at Prince's, Sarazen's bunker shots amazed the galleries. And when he played so hurriedly from the trap on the home hole at Fresh Meadow to finish his record-breaking round of 66, many of his friends gasped for fear he might fluff the shot. But the fact is that Gene was using a club which he claims permits little opportunity for error.

Not satisfied with the performance of the ordinary trap iron, Sarazen went to work one spring day with a rasp and pot of lead. The result was a club considerably different from the original and one that Gene claims will get the ball out of bunkers with almost automatic precision. Sarazen, by the way, uses the regular wedge as an approach club when in tall grass or off the fairways near the greens.

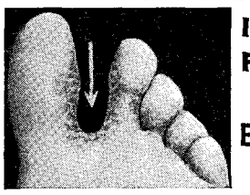
WHEN Sarazen turned in his 286 at Fresh Meadow and his record 283 at Prince's, the putter that served him well was "a combination weapon," and Mr. Powers gives us its story:

During the winter tournaments, Sarazen happened on a putter that for the moment caught his fancy. He used it for a time, but then figured where it might be improved.

So the putter went into a vise and Gene sawed off the blade. This was welded to the hosel of another old putter he had around the shop, and the result was a club that suited Mr. Sarazen perfectly. Soon after winning the National Open, Gene sent his home-made putter and wedge to his favorite club makers to have perfect replicas turned out for his future use.

Duplications are being made of the woods and irons that Sarazen used when he won the two major open championships of the world.

"ATHLETE'S FOOT"



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Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, famous for his many contributions to foot comfort, made this new discovery. It is a positive specific for "Athlete's Foot" and ringworm of the feet and toes. The very first application ends the intense itching of this skin infection. Its germ-killing, healing medication goes deeply into the infected tissues. In a few days the hard, scaly, cracked or inflamed skin between the toes and on the feet starts healing rapidly, soon restoring it to normal. Try a jar. Price $1.00; trial size 50¢. At all drug, department and shoe stores.

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CUTICURA Shaving Cream

Produces a rich, creamy lather that remains moist throughout the shave.
At your dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of 35c. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Malden, Mass.

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Chicago	WGN	7:00 P. M. Local Time
Cincinnati	WKRC	7:00 P. M. Local Time
Cleveland	WHK	7:00 P. M. Local Time
Hartford	WDRC	8:00 P. M. Local Time
Indianapolis	WFBM	9:00 P. M. Local Time
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New York City	WABC	8:00 P. M. Local Time
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Pittsburgh	WJAS	8:00 P. M. Local Time
Providence	WEAN	8:00 P. M. Local Time
St. Louis	KMOX	9:00 P. M. Local Time
Syracuse	WFBL	7:00 P. M. Local Time
Toledo	WSPD	7:00 P. M. Local Time
Washington	WMAL	7:00 P. M. Local Time
Detroit	CKOK	7:00 P. M. Local Time
Bakersfield	KERN	7:00 P. M. Local Time
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Tacoma	KVI	7:00 P. M. Local Time
Charlotte	WBT	7:00 P. M. Local Time
Dallas	WRR	9:00 P. M. Local Time
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So . . . many wise advertisers have gone in for intensive farming this season. They have cut down overhead and cut out waste. They just haven't planted poor soil. Their aim now is more profit-per-sale rather than more sales regardless.

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And, *The Digest* stepped up its interest and its influence by new larger activities. This spring, *The Digest's* twenty-million ballot poll on prohibition wrote a page in American history. A similar great test on Presidential preferences is now holding the national mind. Higher voltage editorially means higher value to advertisers.

And, *The Digest* has re-advertised its advertisers this summer by mailing hundreds of thousands of copies of the Advertising Guide,* a busy reference to advertised products.

The times have called for *plus-services* — and *The Digest* has provided them. But . . . our basic and greatest service to advertisers is the chance we give them to meet the right kind of people, *en masse.*

People of active minds and wide interests (more than 70% of subscribers are business executives or professional people)—ready to buy now (most of them subscribed within the year)— able to pay (largest reader revenue of all magazines) — proved responsive to printed salesmanship (most *Digest* subscriptions are "direct returns").

Digest advertisers are feeling a new force and finding a new efficiency. (Never before, in any of its 42 years, have results been so uniformly good.) Returns per dollar invested have gone up, costs per order come down. If your sales-seeds haven't done well enough, why not give *The Digest* a gardening job? Why not start next week?

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THE LITERARY DIGEST

Sounding-board of American Opinion

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R. F. C. Loans Out in the Open

THE PLUNGE INTO PUBLICITY once taken, the country at large heaves a great audible sigh of relief. Despite warnings to the contrary, the stock market advanced steadily, and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was sweepingly vindicated. To Republican and Democratic observers alike, despite their horror of agreeing with each other, the first loan publicity acted as a bracing and invigorating bath for banking and business.

On August 22, South Trimble, clerk of the House of Representatives, hands to newspapermen a detailed account of the activities of the R. F. C. covering the period between July 21 and July 31. This decisive act was contrary to the wishes of the President, in defiance of the avowed policy of the Administration, but was long advocated by Speaker John N. Garner and other Democratic members of Congress.

As summarized in the Chicago *Tribune*, the first report showed:

The directors of the corporation authorized 437 new loans aggregating $45,057,556, and increases of former loans totaling $1,653,500 to banks and other credit institutions and to railroads. The total so loaned was $46,711,056.

And Was It Thirsty!

—Kirby in the New York "World-Telegram."

The 437 loans made during the period from July 21 to July 31 were distributed as follows:

Banks and trust companies [including receivers]	$32,990,180.23
Agricultural credit corps	104,309.58
Building and loan associations	3,088,650.00
Insurance companies	2,247,500.00
Joint stock land banks	90,000.00
Live-stock credit corps	580,716.29
Mortgage loan companies	747,000.00
Railroads	6,862,700.00

ANALIZING this report, the Hartford *Courant* is quick to seize upon the evidence that the smaller banks scattered about the country comprised almost 90 per cent. of the institutions aided—

The institutions that were granted loans were not the large banks of the great cities. On the contrary, the bulk of the loans went to comparatively small institutions in small towns.

Instead of disproving, the report only sustains the declaration of the Secretary of the Treasury that most of the relief offered by the Corporation has gone, not to pull a "captain of finance" out of a bad hole, but to safeguard the deposits of farmers, the clerks, the merchants and the householders of the small communities, "the forgotten men," in brief, for whom the Presidential nominee of the Democratic party shows such great concern.

"So much for the Democratic plan," the Schenectady *Union Star* taunts its political rivals, "to bedevil business with the 'terrible disclosures' of how the Finance Corporation was helping the 'big fellows,' while little of its money 'trickled down to the forgotten man.'"

On the other hand, mordant anti-Administration dailies scoff at the former Republican fears of the publicity bath. Typical is this comment from the Baltimore *Sun:*

For almost three years Mr. Hoover has consistently prepared cheery statements and messages calculated to send the stock market soaring. Almost without exception the market has greeted his utterances with a thud.

And now, as if this were not enough to fill the President's cup of sorrow to overflowing, the market has the perversity to shoot upward in response to the publication of the first of the reports of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation against which the President protested as dangerous to morale.

Close examination will disclose the fact that the first public report of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation turns out to be an essentially cheerful document.

And it was made peculiarly cheerful by contrast with the alarms which arose in the political battling over the propriety of its issuance.

ONE exception to the general satisfaction is found in *The Wall Street Journal*. Despite sentiment to the contrary, this financial daily declares that the harmlessness of the loan publicity remains to be demonstrated:

It reached the public eye at a time when a new and long unfamiliar feeling of optimism was rising throughout the country.

It was sheer good luck that the amendment began its practical operation with the public in a mood to look upon the disclosures as "old stuff."

Quite possibly the majority of people everywhere will continue to hold that indifferent attitude toward future reports of R. F. C. loans.

The point is simply that the practical effects of the amendment will in the longer run be determined by the degree of equanimity with which these reports are accepted by the generality of people, more particularly by the many thousands of small creditors of institutions which are to have their necessities of the fairly recent past so gratuitously exposed to view.

The Jersey City *Journal* is one of the few Republican papers to advocate publicity concerning the distribution of public funds:

The publicity policy is the only really proper course to be followed in matters which affect public money. The confidence of business men everywhere should be increased upon having revealed in detail how large numbers of institutions, which might otherwise be forced to sell their securities at ridiculously low prices, have been able to borrow ready cash with which to meet current obligations and at the same time to preserve intact their investments.

WRITING in the New York *Evening Post*, a financial expert, who signs himself F. W. J., adds these reservations:

One or the other of two conclusions seems unavoidable: Either the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has adopted the good biblical doctrine, "Ask and ye shall receive," or else the situation confronting us at the time of its organization was much more profound in its nature and a great deal more enduring than we were led to believe.

It would be difficult indeed to explain the larger meaning of the figures now given to the public on any other basis. Of course the periodical general reports that the Corporation has been making public from time to time have all along indicated all this to thoughtful students.

The rather spectacular publication of certain details of the operation of the Corporation ought now, however, to make the situation plain even to the wayfaring man.

It ought also to raise the question in every mind as to what will be the ultimate result of all this lending, as to what is to be the fate of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation itself, and as to whether, after all, we are really getting at the root of our difficulties.

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Are the Railroads Licked?

NO indeed! answers a well-known railway-shop executive, who prefers to remain anonymous, but hits out from the shoulder in *The American Machinist* (New York).

The railroads are not going out of business, but their outlook and methods must be revised if they really intend to make a fight for it.

They must stop asking for favors and make an effort to attract and please the real public, not alone those who patronize Pullmans and dining-cars.

They must bring equipment up to date and study economy. He writes:

Too many railroad men of my acquaintance have adopted "What's the use" as their slogan, and there is no better way to be licked than to think you are. Personally I think we have just begun to fight. We railroaders took away the business of the stage-coach and put a crimp in the canals without batting an eye. But when the trolley, automobiles, trucks, and buses came along we threw up our hands and tried to continue our monopoly by legislation. We want the Government to keep out of the railroads, but to interfere with all our competitors. The game isn't played that way.

We have too many traditions in the railroad shops. Our shop men, from superintendents down, need educating in modern shop methods.

Our higher executives also need to get a different view-point of the functions of railroads. It is our job to furnish transportation for the masses of citizens at as low a cost as is consistent with safe and economical operation. And we don't begin to know how low such costs can be.

We have paid too much attention to de luxe trains and too little to the great mass of people who travel from choice or necessity. Our train crews give careful attention to Pullman passengers, take off their hats as they go through the diners, and too often bawl out a day-coach passenger when he asks a civil question. We drive the passengers to the buses, and then wonder why they leave us.

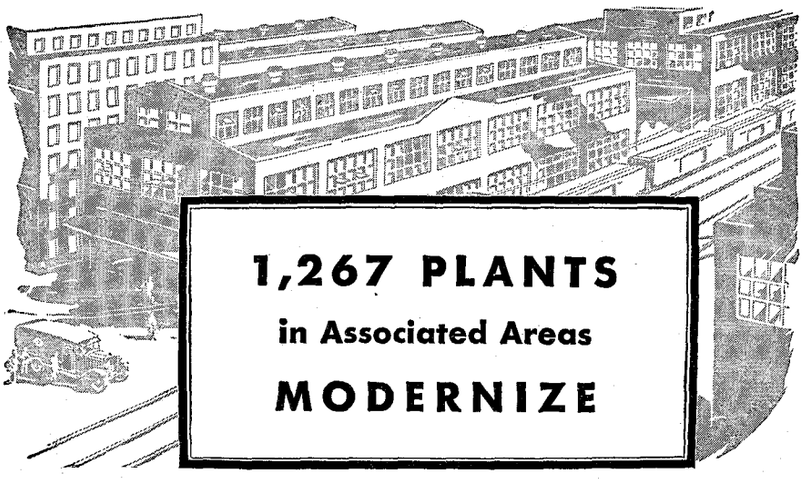
RAILROADS need more standardization so that less money is tied up in spare parts, the writer goes on. He specifies one division point that maintains about 75 kinds of locomotives and carries at times half a million dollars' worth of parts. Standardization, he asserts, doesn't mean stagnation; and he points to what the automobile men have done in the way of standardizing many parts. He proceeds:

If you don't believe that shop executives need educating, ask them what new tools they need and note the answers. A lot of them are content with what they have, altho their equipment is from ten to thirty years old.

No railroad shop can adopt automobile methods in toto, but most of them can grab off a few ideas that will save them money when they pry their minds away from the "different" notion.

Railroads are not going out of business. There is no reason why they should not earn a fair return on a fair valuation.

We can't be licked if we really fight for future business!



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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

EVERY year the poetry club of the American University in Washington publishes a volume of the verse of its talented undergraduates. From *The Loom* this year we quote a strange lyric:

CHEMISTRY

BY JOHN COULTER

Bunsen flames flare high and hot.
Bubble and boil and simmer down.
White fumes reel, like a drunken clown.
Trouble and toil and all for naught.

Dull day leans to its latter end.
Sallow faced, with yellow hands,
Tired men to a slow toil bend.
Time is a stream of hard brown sands.

Young love stands at the half-closed door.
Sweet new love, with her tempting eyes.
"Come, for the warm day waits!" she cries.
"Seize the hour, it comes no more."

Shake of the head with a wry grimace.
Wincing, love, with hesitant pace
Loiters along—then hurries away—
Women are made of water and clay.

Dark gnarled streams of poisoned smoke
Clutching nostril, stinging lip,
Veiling mind—in jealousy's cloak.
Love is a blossom frost will nip.

Bunsen flames flare high and hot.
Bubble and boil and simmer down.
White fumes reel, like a drunken clown.
Trouble and toil and all for naught.

THIS is the season when poets are expressing the lessons they have learned in forest, fields, and mountains. Here is one we find in the New York *Sun:*

FOREST REVERY

BY STANTON A. COBLENTZ

A year has gone, and I again return
Out of a clanging world of brick and brass,
To lie cloud-gazing on a couch of fern
And watch the slow waters pass.

Under the same sky-reaching redwood tree,
In the same grove where I would muse before,
I view the latticed shadows languidly
Ride on the forest floor.

Unchanged! these woods, this light-flecked stream,
As though not even a leaf had lost its way;
While man, amid his spires of smoke and steam,
Battles, and waxes gray.

Teach me, O hills, that I have found again,
What knowledge brings the troubled soul release;
So that, returning to the doors of men,
I still may share your peace.

FROM distant Sydney, Australia, comes *The Bulletin*, with this arresting sonnet tucked away in its crowded columns.

Even in Moariland, youth cries its rebellion:

COUNSEL

BY CHRISTINE COMBER

And shall we take counsel of the old,
And bow before grey hairs and wrinkled eyes,
And flee adventure, fortune and surprise,
And fear to stray beyond the parent-fold,
And mock our youth that clamors to be bold
And pierce the vague Unknown beyond the skies?
And shall we stay our hand for aged sighs
Because the blood in old men's limbs is cold?

Shall we believe that all advice is wise
Because it comes from old and withered lips?
For these same old men used to ride the skies,
And brave the sea in rotting, crazy ships,
And scorn advice and laugh with bold young eyes
At old men taking milk in feeble sips.

THOSE who have been lucky enough to spend their holidays in the deep woods will respond to the sincerity that animates these lines. We find them in *Adventure:*

A WOODSMAN'S WISH

BY LOWE W. WREN

Mine is no gentle wish, with folks about
To pity me the day that I go out.

O Lord of Storms—whenever it may be
My time to go—uproot me like a tree!

I dread the sapless pause, the sick delay,
The agony of waiting day by day.

Better the pine that feels a sudden puff
Of angry wind and knows it is enough.

When I grow weak, worn by the blow and shout—
Swift as a tree that falls—let me go out.

IN *Westward* (San Francisco) we come across a mystical lyric by a now-forgotten poet, yet well worth the republishing with which it is honored:

INSPECTION

BY RICHARD REALF (1834—1878)

Let them rave, and let them lie;
Soul of mine, make no reply;
Something woos us from the sky.

In these silences we hark
Something singing, and do mark
Something shining in the dark.

'Though we bleed beneath the knives
Of the butchers, in our lives
Something deathless yet survives.

Far beyond these blades of ill,
Breathing very calm and still,
Something which they cannot kill.

Though the warm flesh fail and waste,
Though the leaves have bitter taste,
Though the paths be interlaced.

Well I know that, at the last,
When the sudden hurt is past,
Solemn peace, serene and vast,

In my heart will nestle so
That I shall not feel nor know
Any harm or any woe.

Sorrow is a little thing,
Is it not, Soul, when we bring
Conscience unto suffering?

'Though, at first, we swooned on death,
Yet when we had caught our breath,
And were squared four-fold in faith,

In our speech was no more moan,
For our feet were firmly grown,
And we did not stand alone.

Comrade Soul! We see and hear
Far beyond the misty sphere
Of the dank world's doubt and fear.

Round our heads the great stars glow;
We can hear Life's mystic flow;
See its widening cycles grow.

All the sages and the seers
Of the immemorial years,
Since the earth first groaned in tears,

Speak unto us from their height,
Summered in the infinite,
Where it evermore is light.

Wherefore, kissed by hallowing lips,
Held in strong, assuring grips
Of anointed fellowships.

What to us is gibe or frown?
What have we to cast us down?
Soul, arise! assume thy crown!

Turn thy features from the wall,
Make thy stature proud and tall;
See: the Lord is over all!

IN *Harper's Monthly* (New York) our attention is arrested by the curious symbolism of this lyrical confession:

BESIEGED

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

One citadel alone is left to me,
The citadel of silence—if that go
I am indeed defenseless to the foe.

What does he seek within this ruined town,
Where every other stronghold has gone down
And none remembers what it used to be?

No splendor hides within these crumbling walls.
They echo only to the dim footfalls
Of long-dead ghosts, with painful steps and slow.

The fortresses have fallen one by one,
And all their gold and scarlet has been won.
Have mercy on me now, and let me go!

Oh, must you take the utmost toll of me?
Here, then, my piteous treasure—look, and see
A broken dream, a tarnished memory!

IN *The Lyric* (Roanoke, Va.) we come across an arresting poem by a little-known writer who hails from Sherman, South Dakota:

NED AND DAN AND I

BY JOHN COLMAN EVANS

And so we've plowed, the team and I,
Through sun-splashed days and rain,
And Ned I called Prime Minister,
And Dan I called High Thane.

And I was Privy Counselor;
The plow was Seneschal;
And oh, the furrows that we laid
With God for Admiral.

Drain off the cup, and fling it down!
The evening flame will die.
And birds must all wheel home, and so
Must Ned and Dan and I.

No more, no more; put up the plow;
We'll all sink off to sleep.
The creaking harness shall be limp,
And silence shall be deep.

So lie down, lie down, Ned and Dan,
Beside the dying sun.
For those who labor love to rest
When laboring is done.

Lie deeply down, good Ned and Dan;
Lie down to sleep and dream;
I'll follow too when darkness comes
And I have crossed the stream.

WHO can think of Pavlowa in the dark earth? This were a better end for all dancers. From *The Spectator* (London):

THE DANCER

BY PHYLLIS HARTNOLL

When this body, that I have schooled to interpret
Each sound in motion effortless and sure,
That rises to a pinnacle of silence,
Seeming to pause an instant there, secure,
Shall, at the last, fall from a wide-flung gesture
Into the cold rigidity of death,
And lie so heavily, that once was lighter
Than thistledown that veers to every breath,
Lay me not then in the dark earth unfriendly,
Where never leaf shall sway nor flower nod,
And I shall slowly sink into corruption
Under the grass my dancing feet have trod.

Take me, before my limbs are set in rigor,
To a tall funeral pyre on some dark night,
Where fire eats quickly through the crackling wood
As if my speed had set the stage alight,
And flames leap up like draperies that catch
Their changing colours from the spotlight's glare—
But never dance was swift as this that makes me
One with the smoke that fades upon the air,
A handful of ashes curtseying in the wind,
On tiptoe in some strange fantastic measure;
For so in death I dance to please myself
That gave my life to dance for others' pleasure.

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Songs of Buds and Bullets.—FIRST LAWYER—"I've just taken the case of that woman who says she shot her husband because she loved him."

SECOND LAWYER—"I suppose your plea will be that spring is the time for tender shoots."—*Wisecracker.*

Last Straw.—MAID—"I left my last place because I was told to do something I didn't like."

PROSPECTIVE MISTRESS—"Really! What was that?"

MAID—"Look for another job."—*Boston Transcript.*

Always a Night Owl.—The young bride was asked what she thought of married life.

"Oh, there's not much difference," she replied. "I used to wait up half the night for George to go, and now I wait up half the night for him to come home."—*Answers.*

A Word to the Wise.—MISTRESS—"Mary, when you wait at table to-night for my guests, please don't wear any jewelry."

MAID—"I have nothing valuable, ma'am, but I thank you for the warning."—*Deutsche Illustrierte.*

Cash Aspect of Romance.—

"Youth calls to youth," the poet says,
And it's a good thing, too;
If youth did not, the telephones
Would bring less revenue.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Take His Finger-prints.—FILM STAR (newly married)—"And is this your home?"

BRIDEGROOM—"It is, precious."

FILM STAR—"Say, it looks mighty familiar. Are you sure I haven't married you before?"—*Punch.*

Squawk From the Auction Block.—A gold-digger had died and all her worldly possessions, including a parrot, were being auctioned off. "What am I offered for this beautiful bird?" said the auctioneer.

"One bean," bid a bystander.

"Two bucks," roared another.

"Make it five, Daddy," croaked the parrot, "an' I'll give you a kiss."—*Mugwump.*

Black Eye for the Boom.—When the president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce was asked recently how the depression had hit Los Angeles, he replied, "Depression? We have no depression in Los Angeles, but I will admit that we are having the worst boom in many, many years."—*Christian Advocate (Portland, Ore.).*

When the Tune Is Changed.—

I think the saddest
Thing in life
Is to die and
Leave your wife
And never hear
Your spouse so true
Your praises sing
To Number 2.
—*Florida Times-Union.*

"Was that sandwich quite fresh that you sold me just now?"
"Quite, sir. Each one is wrapt in transparent air-tight paper."
"I wish I'd known!"
—"The Humorist" (London).

How's His Horoscope?—HANDWRITING EXPERT—"This specimen indicates patience, indulgence, kindness. . . ."

CLIENT—"That's fine! It's the writing of the tailor I have selected to make my new suit."—*Passing Show.*

New Job for the Iceman.—"Yes, isn't it strange that when people get frozen they rub their limbs with snow until circulation is restored?"

BENEVOLENT OLD LADY—"But what do they do with the poor people in summer?"—*Stray Bits.*

We Care Nacht a Jacht.—

A lady named Schacht sailed away on a yacht.
Her foot gacht cacht in a sailor's knacht
And pitched her into a lobster pacht.
She facht and wracht till she was hacht,
She swore a lacht and said she'd nacht
Go sailing again in that lobster's yacht.
—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Giving a Poet the Pip.—

I saw a sunbeam kiss a flower and it looked so sweet to me,
I sought a sip of nectar from this blossom by the sea.
But instead of a nip of nectar what I got, By Hector,
Was the hot end of a bee.
—*Florida Times-Union.*

Slips That Pa.

Give Her a Whirl, Folk.
Coupe desires auto trip dow.
congenial couple.—*New Haven Eve.*
ister.

Careless Worker.—Stein was afterward sent to prison for robbing and strangling another woman without killing her.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Shiver Our Timbers!—The luncheon was an elaborate one, and at its close automobiles took the visitors on a yachting trip around the bay.—*California paper.*

Took Her for a Minnow?—A shadow came out of the shadows of the tall willows that lined the bank of the pond. A shad that moved quickly toward her.—*New Rochelle paper.*

Add Gas and Step on It.—Peel 1 dozen large ripe peaches, cut in slices and mash very slightly with a ford.—*Oklahoma City Times.*

Trees in Wonderland.—Much of this land is wooded, and from rugged trees veterans will build their cabins, plant gardens, raise chickens, rabbits, and other stock.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Watch Your Funny-Bone.—The Perseids are a vast elliptical ring of particles of comic dust and stones, two or three billion miles long, and about 50,000,000 miles wide.—*New York Times.*

Ever Try It?—

CHILD DRINKS FLUID
USED IN CLEANING OF
CLOTHES; IS IMPROVED
—*Connellsville (Pa.) paper.*

For Breeding Purposes?—

MONEY WANTED
FEMALE

Wanted—$800.00 for three years. 7%. Well secured. First mortgage.—*Salinas (Calif.) paper.*

Time for Christian Patience.—

HUMAN SUFFERING

The Rector of St. Andrew, the Rev. W. Harvey R——, visits the Y. M. C. A. to-night (Thursday) to give the last of his three addresses.—*Barbados (B. W. I.) Advocate.*

Naughty Boys.—The political outrages to-day, with one exception, were all minor in character. A Reichsbanner official was found dead in a ditch with several bullet holes in his head. There were also several cases of bombing.—*Berlin dispatch in the New York Times.*

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